



BERANGER AND HIS SONGS.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

Pierre Jean de Beranger was born at Paris, in the year 1780, as we are told in his song of the "Tailor and the Fairy." He was brought up at his grandfather's till he was nine years old. Of his father and mother very little is known. In his tenth year he was sent to his maternal aunt, the wife of an innkeeper at Peronne. His sojourn at that place he has commemorated in the "Recollections of Childhood," and here he seems to have verified the first part of the Fairy's prophecy, and become

"Garçon d'auberge."

He was taught to read Telemachus by his aunt. An odd volume of Voltaire, falling in his way at the same time, very probably gave his ideas the first tinge of that bold scepticism for which his opinions are remarkable. At the age of fifteen he was bound apprentice at the printing-house of M. Laisney, of Peronne. Subsequently he made it a matter of no little pride that he had been taught the trade of Franklin. At this time he also made some progress—he confesses it to have been a very slow one—in the improvement of an imperfect education.

It was at the school founded by M. Baluc de Bellanglise, of Peronne, that the genius of Beranger received its decisive bias and development. This school was instituted and conducted after the principles and maxims of the founder's favourite philosopher, Rousseau. In accordance with the spirit of that stirring period, it presented, at the same time, the aspects of a camp and a political arena. The children wore uniforms, pronounced orations, and sent deputations to the revolutionary government on the occasion of every notable public occurrence. Thus were our lyrists' ideas enlarged with the formation of his taste and style, and questions of national interest received that place in his mind which, as his songs sufficiently testify, they ever after occupied, making an uncompromising patriotism the foremost distinction of his muse.

At the age of seventeen he returned to Paris. About this time he attempted a comedy, with which he grew extremely dissatisfied on perusing a volume of Moliere. He also meditated an epic poem, to be called "Clovis," the execution of which he formally—and perhaps fortunately—postponed till he should have reached the age of thirty. Nothing further, however, has been heard of it.

In 1803, he obtained the patronage of Lucien Bonaparte, to whom he had addressed a very republican epistle, enclosing his earliest poetic attempts. In 1809, he became a clerk at the University of Paris, with the moderate salary of about eighty pounds a year. His first volume of songs was published in 1815, when he was thirty-five years old.

This publication placed Beranger in the rank of the first song-writers of his country. The poetry of songs was found to have received a novel character from his genius; and the chief distinctions of his own were their simple elegance and condensation. These, with a buoyant enjoyment, great boldness of thought, and a high tone of feeling, combined to distinguish him alike from all preceding and contemporary lyrists. The style of Beranger shows his individual predilections for the simple and the real. He was never taught Greek or Latin. But he made himself acquainted, through the medium of translation, with the classic authors; (and to be able to do this says a deal for the power and ingenuity of the man's mind;) and seems to have caught, happily, a portion of the spirit of antique poetry: he says of himself, in his "Imaginary Voyage:"

"I was a Greek; Pythagoras is right."

At the same time, he has made use of none of those conventional aids which preceding poets had borrowed from the old fanciful mythologies. The worn peculiarities of classic allusion and phraseology, so long the imitative jargon of modern poetry, were laid aside by Beranger with a well-judging feeling of those influences which, with a more universal inspiration, were developing themselves over the face and in the heart of society, giving the Muse an altered character in accordance with that of the age in which her voice was to be heard. He felt that poetry should not exclusively breathe the high atmosphere of a privileged class; but that it should be made popular, and simplified to the level of men's common interests and feelings. Increased power, and, consequently, an increasing intelligence, were placing the suffrages of literary celebrity in a great measure in the hands of the people. Born among them and of them, and boasting, *je suis du peuple, ainsi que mes amours*, Beranger was led to make them his audience and his inspiration. He himself says—"Le peuple, c'est ma muse."

Beranger and our own Moore are popular poets. Both manifest strong national predilections, and country is the source of the higher inspiration of both. Both wrote in a spirit opposed to the principle of the governing powers in their respective nations: both were poetic malcontents, and helped to make others malcontent also; but all this with a difference. Moore has disseminated treason—only in the verse of his imitators: Beranger excited it in practical prose, (which rhymes appositely with *blows*.) The Rebellion of our Silken Thomas has been peacefully exhaled in the perfumed atmosphere of the salons and drawing-rooms, effecting and inspiring little more than

"The hopes and fears that shake a single ball."

(though, by the way, there may be a great many who don't think these such very inconsiderable things, after all;) the disaffection of Beranger was borne abroad on the vehement breath of a tumultuous democracy, till the spirit which it helped to evoke had laid prostrate an ancient dynasty. Moore's sentiment is enveloped in a vague and distant association, and is somehow rendered still less formidable by the very graceful array in which it presents itself. The thoughts of Beranger is bare, and has a definite aim, and is launched against it with a direct and muscular vigorousness which is unequivocal, and brings itself and the object of its hostility to immediate issue. The one resembles the sword of Harmodius, sheathed in its myrtles; the other is the palpable dagger of Brutus. Moore's style is elegant and pointed, while Beranger's is simple

and concise. Moore's point is prepared in the Attic flow of a most musical stanza; that of Beranger is commonly set, with a Spartan succinctness, in the compass of a line. But enough of this; our business is with Beranger alone. Besides, we suddenly recollect that

"Heroic, stoic Johnson, the sententious,"

intimates, in the beginning of some essay or other, how often the truth of any proposition is sacrificed to its point; so, after having merely laid very careless hands on the most salient parts of both characters for a passing comparison, we shall leave every one to finish it for himself, minutely and at leisure; and go on to say, that there are few of Beranger's songs which do not contain something to denote love of country, grief for her abasement, or pride in the remembrance of her military fame; bold satire flung recklessly against the folly and tyranny of rulers, provoking sarcasms against the prejudices of the priesthood, or natural sentiment, whose pathos and truth recommend it to the feelings of every one. We shall give in English several of those lyrics, to communicate some idea of the poet's character and philosophy, religious, political, and epicurean—just premising, in the mean time, that much of the native aroma of Beranger's lyrics must necessarily evaporate in the traduction. Let us choose at random:—

MY VOCATION.

A mean, ill-favoured, suffering wight,
Flung on this earthly ball,
I'm jostled down, and out of sight.
Because so very small;
A murmur, in my evil plight,
My plaintive lips let fall:
Sing, cries my Guardian-angel, sing!
Such is thy part, poor little thing!

The lordly chariot daubs me o'er
With mud in passing by;
I feel the insolence of Power,
And Wealth's fastidious eye,
Still are we doomed to crouch before
The pride that bloats the high.
Sing, cries my Guardian-angel, sing!
Such is thy part, poor little thing!

With Life's precariousness in view,
My spirit is subdued;
Creeping and cramped I here pursue
A meagre livelihood:
I worship Freedom; but, 'tis true,
My appetite is good.
Sing, cries my Guardian-angel, sing!
Such is thy part, poor little thing!

Love, in my sorrow, could supply
A solace for all pain;
Now with my youth he turns to fly,
And will not come again:
Before the glance of Beauty's eye
My bosom beats in vain.
Sing, cries my Guardian-angel, sing!
Such is thy part, poor little thing!

Yes, Song is my vocation here,
Or else I much mistake:
Those whom my songs amuse or cheer
Will love me for their sake;
When wine is bright and friends are near,
And revel is awake,
Sing, cries my Guardian-angel, sing!
Such is thy part, poor little thing!

Beranger was no admirer of the policy of Napoleon during the latter years of his government. Yet, in spite of his better judgment, we find him always recurring, with something of the military pride which forms such a portion of the French character, to the Emperor, and the period of those victories which enabled France, directed by his energetic genius, to trample upon the prowess of the over-crowned continent. This is shown in the song, "Popular Recollections," which has already appeared in these pages. As one of the *vieux braves* of the empire, he sings

THE OLD STANDARD.

Around me sit my comrades old,
While memory to the wine-cup warms,
And many a stirring tale is told
Of our departed days in arms.
Here in my cot I keep at last
The banner of our battles past.
When shall it from the dust be free
That dims its noble colours three!

'Tis hid beneath the lowly bed,
Where poor and maimed at night I lie—
That which for twenty years still sped
From victory to victory;
When, crowned with laurels and with flowers,
It past o'er Europe's haughtiest towers.
When shall it from the dust be free
That dims its noble colours three!

That glorious banner could repay
The blood that round it flowed in France;
Our youth, in Freedom's happier day,
Sported with its redoubted lance.
Still let it show the despots how
Glory is all plebeian now!
When shall it from the dust be free
That dims its noble colours three!

Its Eagle mourns a hopeless fall,
Worn by a flight so wild and far;
Up with the Cock of ancient Gaul,
To guide the fiery bolts of war,
By France received to be, as once,
The signal flag of Freedom's sons!
When shall it from the dust be free
That dims its noble colours three!

It soon shall guard the rights of men,
Tired of the stunning march of war.
Each Frenchman was a citizen
Once, in its right, beside the Loire,
Still our sole hope to shield and save,
O'er all our frontiers let it wave!
When shall it from the dust be free
That dims its noble colours three!

There, near my long-worn arms it lies—
An instant—friend of former years!
Come, press my heart and glad my eyes,
And staunch a veteran's falling tears!
Oh! well I know kind Heaven will ne'er
Reject a weeping soldier's prayer.
Yes, from the dust behold it free
That dimmed its noble colours three!

The first planting of the vine in France has been fancied with a great deal of felicity.

BRENNUS.

Said Brennus the Brave to his valorous Gauls:
Let us blazon a triumph, the greatest of mine:
From the fields of old Rome by her Capitol's walls,
I have brought—my best trophy—a root of the vine:
Oh, the vine! be it ever the bond and the crown
Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown!

Deprived of its bountiful juice we have fought,
And conquered to quaff its red gushing afar.
Be its tendrils for ever our coronals, wrought
To grace the bold brows of the victors in war.
Oh, the vine! be it ever the bond and the crown
Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown!

The fame of our gay purple vintage shall run
Thro' all climates—the wish and the envy of earth
In its nectar, imbued with the soul of the Sun,
The arts shall be meetly baptized in their birth.
Oh, the vine! be it ever the bond and the crown
Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown!

All lands shall yet bless the bright bounty of ours,
When a thousand tall vessels with canvas unfurled—
Their freight shall be wine and their flags shall be flowers—
Still waft the gay bliss to the hearths of the world!
Oh, the vine! be it ever the bond and the crown
Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown!

Ye fair ones! dear beautiful despots, whose zeal
Prepares the strong arms of our conquering bands,
Pour its juice in our wounds, that our warriors may feel
Once more, softer balm from your delicate hands.
Oh, the vine! be it ever the bond and the crown
Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown!

Let union be with us; and then shall we show
To our neighbours around us, when peril's at hand,
That we need but the poles of our vines to o'erthrow,
Should they touch but our frontiers, the foes of our land.
Oh, the vine! be it ever the bond and the crown
Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown!

Gay Wine-god! we hail thee our guardian and guest;
Be thy presence propitious to prosper our clime.
Let an exile one day from his pilgrimage rest,
And forget at our banquets his home for a time!
Oh, the vine! be it ever the bond and the crown
Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown!

Then Brennus addresses a vow to the skies.
And, piercing the ground with the steel of his lance,
Plants the vine while his warriors, with rapturous eyes,
Behold, thro' Time's vista, the glories of France.
Oh, the vine! be it ever the bond and the crown
Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown!

In the next lyric we have a lively exposition of the poet's moral philosophy. Simple in his tastes and habits, and with the mind of a genuine Epicurean of the primitive stamp, he never cared to disturb the flow of his pleasures by any envy of the gratifications or distinctions which wealth or power could give. With a self-consoling estimate of their true value, he lived poor and content.

THE INDEPENDENT MAN.

Respect my independent mind,
Ye slaves to vain pretension!
In Poverty's low vale I find
Fair Freedom's modest mansion.
Judge, by my song, how boldly strong
Is o'er me her ascendant.
Lizette alone may smile when I
Declare I'm independent.

Here through society I stray
Most like a simple savage,

With but my bow and bosom gay
To war with tyrants' ravage.
In satire's guise, my arrow flies,
Still in the strife defendant;
Lizette alone may smile when I
Declare I'm independent.

We scorn the Louvre's flatterers—those
Crouched menials, self-appointed
To serve that Inn whose gates unclosed
Alone for guests Anointed.
With lyre in hand but fools would stand
Before those gates attendant:
Lizette alone may smile when I
Declare I'm independent!

Power is a burden, sooth to say;
A king's dull pomp I pity:
He holds the captive's chain; but they
Are merrier and more witty.
A ruler's lot I never sought;
For this be Love respondent:
Lizette alone may smile when I
Declare I'm independent:

At peace with Fate I hold my way
And lightly laugh at sorrow,
Rich in my daily bread to-day,
And good hope of to-morrow.
At eve's approach I seek my couch,
And gaily make an end on't;
Lizette alone may smile when I
Declare I'm independent.

But soft! Lizette, in all her charms,
Comes with a face of crime in,
And fondly, o'er my loving arms,
Would fling the chains of Hymen.
'Tis thus, methinks, an empire sinks! *
No, no, my dear, depend on't;
Still keep the right to smile when I
Declare I'm independent.

The "Letter" is an interesting song, for its impressive general moral; for the similarity of fate, in particular, which a few years effected for the young princes who are the subjects of it—leaving the more fortunate of them an exile like his kinsman from native land and regal inheritance,—and, more intimately, for the present sojourn in England of this very little Duke addressed by his cousin the King of Rome. Fêted in the baronial halls of England with the hospitality due to a stranger and to misfortune, and surrounded by many of his distinguished countrymen, does he look with an eye of expectation to the heritage of the little "County Paris!" Perhaps he puts faith in another Restoration! Young Napoleon is supposed to write to the infant Duc de Bordeaux.

A LITTLE KING TO A LITTLE DUKE.

All health, little cousin! from banishment here
I have dared send this letter to you;
Good fortune has smiled on thy dawning career,
And at thy nativity too.
And bright were my own natal moments; how much
Let France and the universe say.
The monarchs, adoring, surrounded my couch,
Yet I'm at Vienna to-day.

Your makers of verses with odes and with songs,
Have rocked my young cradle; for, these
Are found like confectioners, ever in throngs
Where Baptism dispenses its fees.
The commonest liquid, dear cousin, was thine
To sprinkle thy christianized clay,
While mine was of Jordan's old river divine;
Yet I'm at Vienna to-day.

The judges corrupt and degraded grandees
Who prophesy wonders of thee,
By my cradle predicted aloud that the Bees
Should prey on the Lilies for me.†
The noble detractors who doubt or decry
The worth of aught popular—they
Once flattered my nurse!—but my star is gone by,
And I'm at Vienna to-day.

Of the leaves of the laurel my cradle was made,
But merely of purple thine own;
With sceptres as baubles my infancy played—
My childish tiara, a crown.
Oh, head-dress unlucky, since fatal mischance
Took thine, O St. Peter, away!
But still with my cause were the prelates of France:
Yet I'm at Vienna to-day.

For the marshals, they never, if I do not err,
Will render illustrious thy banner:
To the strings of the Bourbon they surely prefer
The Star of the Legion of Honour.
My Sire on their noble devotion relied
For the grandeur and strength of our sway:
Of course all their pledges could ne'er be belied;‡
Yet I'm at Vienna to-day.

Should thou near a throne have thy prosperous days;
Should mine be a lowly estate;
Rebuke the base parasites' incense and praise,
And point to my birth and my fate;
And say; my poor kinsman has taught me to fear
That my fortunes like his should betray;
You promised him love and fidelity here;
Yet he's at Vienna to-day.

* Napoleon's marriage with an Austrian archduchess was considered an event of evil omen for the fate of his empire.

† The bees were the cognizance of the Bonaparte family; the lilies of the House of Bourbon.

‡ This refers to the defection of the marshals.

EPISODES OF EASTERN TRAVEL. LIFE UPON THE NILE.

Reader! whoever you are, you may one day be induced to change the feverish life of Europe, with all its perplexing enjoyments, its complicated luxuries, and its manifold cares, for the silence, the simplicity, and the freedom of a life on the Desert and the River. Has society palled upon you? Have the week-day struggles of the world made you wish for some short sabbath of repose? Has our hoarse climate chafed your lungs, and do they require the soothing of balmy breathing breezes? Come away to the Nile! Has love, or hate, or ambition, or any other ephemeral passion, ruffled up a storm in your butterboat of existence? Here you will find that calm counsellor Egeria—whose name is solitude. Have the marvellous stories of the old world sunk into your soul, and do you seek for their realization? Or have mere curiosity and the spirit of unrest driven you forth to wander, *à l'Anglais*, as a man takes a walk on a dreary day for the pleasure of returning from it? Come away to the Nile. Here are sunshines that are never clouded, and fragrant airs, as gentle as a maiden's whisper, instead of northern gales that howl round you, as if you were an old battlement. Here are nights, all a glow with stars, and a crescent moon that seems bowing to you by courtesy, not bent double by rheumatism. Here is no money to be lost or gained—no letters to disturb into joy or sorrow—none of the wear and tear and petty details of life. You never hear the sound of your native tongue, and somehow men don't talk, and therefore don't think so lightly, when they have to translate their thoughts into a strange language. In a word, here is the highest soul of monastic retirement. You stand apart from the world—you see men so widely differing from yourself in their appearance, their habits, their hopes, and their fears, that you are induced to look upon man in the abstract. As you recede from Europe further and further on towards the silent regions of the Past, you live more and more in that Past,—the river over which you glide, the desert, the forest, the very air you breathe are calm, the temples in their awful solitudes, the colossal statues, the tombs with their guardian sphinxes—all are profoundly calm—and at length even English restlessness softens down, and blends with the universal calm around.

Cairo! for the present farewell. It was late when I issued from the gates, but it was impossible to be in a hurry on such an evening, and on such a spot. The distance between the modern metropolis and the river is broken by many a mound and chasm, that marks where its predecessor stood,—the distorted features of a city that has died a violent death. The metropolis of Egypt had an uneasy life of it. To say nothing of its youth at Thebes, it has wandered about Lower Egypt, as if it were a mere encampment. Under the name of Memphis, it remained for some time on the western bank of the river. It fled from Nebuchadnezzar to the opposite side under the "alias" of Babylon; paid a visit to the Ptolemies; and returned to Babylon, where it was besieged by Amrou. A dove built its nest in the tent of the Saracen general, and he, who had ruthlessly ravaged and laid waste the dwellings of man, would not disturb the domestic arrangements of a little bird. Babylon was taken, but he ordered a new city to be built from its ruins on the site where this dove sat hatching. Thus Fostat became the metropolis of Egypt. The nomadic instinct was too strong for its repose, however, and under the Fatimites, it was obliged to start again, an remove to its present position, where it dwells under the name of Misr el Kahira, "The victorious city," or, in plain English, Grand Cairo. There are some remains of these former cities still existing, among which is a fine aqueduct, and some buildings, called Joseph's Granaries, which are still used for that purpose.

Some hundred years ago there was a great scarcity of corn in Egypt—the people were daily perishing of want, yet some avaricious merchants hoarded up their stock until it became worth its weight in gold. Among these was an old miser named Amin, who had filled one of "Joseph's Granaries" at the last plentiful harvest. Day by day, as the famine wasted his fellow-citizens, he sat upon the steps of his corn-store, speculating on their sufferings, and calculating how he could make the utmost usury out of God's bounty. At length there was no more corn elsewhere; famishing crowds surrounded his storehouse, and besought him as a charity to give them a little food for all their wealth. Gold was piled around him—the miser's soul was satisfied with the prospect of boundless riches. Slowly he unclosed his iron doors—when, lo! he recoils, blasted and terror-stricken, from his treasury. Heaven had sent the worm into his corn, and instead of piles of yellow wheat, he gazed on festering masses of rotteness and corruption. Starving as the people were, they raised a shout of triumph at the manifest judgment, but Amin heard it not—he had perished in his hour of evil pride.

The sun was setting behind the pyramids when I embarked; but night and day make little difference in this country, and the former is only associated with the idea of rest, when it happens to be too dark to see. It was bright moonlight as I mustered our swarthy crew on the river's edge. Their countenances were full of hope and eagerness, and when their inspection was concluded, each kissed my hand and placed it on his head, in sign of devotion and fidelity. Their dress was principally a pair of loose cotton drawers, reaching to the knee, a long blue shirt, and the red cloth cap called a "tarboosh," which, on state occasions, is wound round with a white turban by the lower classes. The officers in the pasha's service always wear it plain. The crew consisted of a rais, or captain, a pilot, and eight rowers; with one exception we found them good-humoured, faithful, honest, and affectionate fellows. Two servants completed the equipment. One of these, named Mahmoud, has the well-deserved character of being the best dragoman in Egypt. He had none of the indolence of his race; always actively employed, his song was never silent except when exchanged for conversation; strikingly handsome, keen and intelligent, he had unbounded influence over the crew, and was welcomed eagerly by peasant and governor wherever we landed. From Cairo to the depths of Nubia he seemed intimately acquainted, not only with every locality, but with every individual along the river. He had accompanied Lord Prudhoe on both his expeditions into the interior of Africa, and spoke of him with gratitude and enthusiasm. . . . Now the cable is loosed, a long towing-line is drawn along the shore by the sailors; the pilot perches himself on the spar-deck; the rais squats at the bow; and the Nile ripples round our prow, as we start on a two-months' voyage with as little ceremony as if only crossing the river in a ferry-boat. Palms, palaces, and busy crowds glide by; the river bends, and the wind becomes favourable; the sailors wade or swim on board; enormous sails fall from the long spars, like two wide unfolding wings. The pyramids of Gizeh on our right, the distant minarets of Cairo on our left, slowly recede, and the cool night-breezes follow us, laden with perfumes from the gardens of Rhoda, and the faint murmur of the great city; the crew gather about the fire with

"Dark faces pale around that rosy flame,"

and discuss, in a whisper, the appearance of the white stranger, who reclines

on a pile of Persian carpets, smoking his chibouque, and sipping his coffee contentedly as if he had been born and bred under the shadow of the palm.

It was a lovely night. There was just wind enough to bosom out our snowy sails, that heaved as with a languid respiration; the moon shone forth in glory, as if she were still the bright goddess of the land, and loved it well. No longer do the white-robed priests of Isis celebrate her mystic rites in solemn procession along these shadowy banks; no longer the Egyptian maidens move in choral dances through these darkling groves, with lotus garlands on their brow, and mirrors on their breasts, which flash back the smile of the worshipped moon at every pant of those young bosoms, to typify that the heart within was all her own, and imaged but her deity.—These were fine times for that epicurean hermit, the man in the moon. No doubt Lord Rosse's new telescope will find the expression of his countenance sadly altered now. There are no more mystic pomps or midnight pageants in the land of Egypt; he may look in vain for venerable priest or vestal virgin now. Yet still does Isis seem to smile lovingly over her deserted shrines, and her pale light harmonizes well with the calm dwellings of the mighty dead. These, with their pyramids, their tombs, their temples, are the real inhabitants of this dreamy land. The puny people who usurp their place have as little in common with it as the jackdaws have with Mucross Abbey.

SONGS OF THE NILE.

From Memnon to Mehemet Ali all Egypt luxuriates in music. In the pasha's palace, in the peasant's hut, at the soldier's bivouac, on the sailor's deck, in every circumstance of the Arab's life I have found it regarded as the chief source of his enjoyment. He is born, he is married, he dies, he is buried to the sound of music. It cheers his labour, it heightens his festival, it controls his passions, it soothes his miseries. Our crew sang for two months almost without intermission, yet never seemed to weary of their song. Among the items furnished by our dragoman as necessary to our outfit, were a drum and some Nile-flutes. The former consisted of a large earthen bowl, with a skin stretched over it; the latter resembled the double flageolet, and was made of reeds; it seemed capable of a much wider range of notes than their monotonous music required. Its sound was somewhat shrill, but not unpleasant, and every sailor on board seemed a proficient in its use. I could detect but little variety in the airs, and the words were of the simplest kind. I listened as vainly for the songs of Antar among the Arabs of Egypt as I had done for those of Tasso among the gondoliers of Venice. The songs of the Arab sailor are generally of home, of the Nile, never of war, but most of all of love. Very few of these last are fit for translation, and as the home-made poetry of a people always takes for its subject that which is uppermost in their thought, I fear the sensuality of their muse must be taken as some index of their character. It is true that the songs of our sailors and our cottagers are not always of the most edifying character; but the popularity of some of the

"Old songs that are the music of the heart,"

the love ballads of Scotland, England, and above all, of old Ireland; the enthusiasm for the compositions of Moore, Burns, and Dibdin, which linked in one sympathy the castle and the cottage, all this proves that there is an echo to a purer tone even in the rugged and too little-cared for minds of our peasantry.

I do not pretend to give specimens of Arab poetry; but I subjoin one or two translations of Nile songs in verse, as un-artistic as their own. The first was given to me by a Levantine lady at Alexandria, and probably owes much of its delicacy to the fair medium through which it passed from the Arabic into Italian. The original is characteristic in its profusion of images, and unique, as far as I know of eastern poetry, in its tenderness and purity of tone. Lady! should these desultory pages ever meet thy radiant eyes, let me be grateful that the veil of a strange language will half conceal their imperfections: thy gentle heart will do the rest, and whisper thee besides, how much the wanderer owes to thee, if ever a bright thought illumines his "Wanderbuch."

THE ARAB LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Thou art the palm-tree of my desert, and thy glance so soft and bright,
Is the moonlight of my spirit in its long and dreary night;
Only flower in my heart's deserted garden—only well
In my life's wide, lonely wilderness—my gentle-eye gazelle!

But the palm tree waves in sunny heights, unreachd by sighs of mine,
And the moonlight has its mission first on loftier brows to shine,
And a wealthier hand will cull that flower—unseal that stainless spring,
May'st thou be happy! even with him, while lone I'm wandering.

Very different is the song which now swells from our sailor circle. One plays the pipes, another strikes the drum, *à la tambourine*, and all the others keep time with the wild, quick music, by clapping their hands. Each verse is first sang by a single voice, and then the two last lines are repeated in full chorus. The words are trifling and seem to convey little meaning; it is the air, which to us seems to resemble "Young Lobsky said to his ugly wife," that is to them so full of association, lights up their dark countenances, and swells their voices with enthusiasm.

MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

THE MOTHER.

My daughter 'tis time that thou wert wed,
Ten summers already are over thy head,
I must find you a husband, if under the sun
The conscript-catcher has left us one.

THE DAUGHTER.

Dear, mother, one husband will never do,
I have so much love, that I must have two,
And I'll find for each, as you shall see,
More love than both can bring to me.

One husband shall carry a lance so bright,
He shall roam the desert for spoil by night,
And when morning shines on the tall palm-tree,
He shall find sweet welcome home with me.

The other a sailor bold shall be,
He shall fish all day in the deep blue sea,
And, when evening brings his hour of rest,
He shall repose on this faithful breast.

MOTHER.

There's no chance, my child, of a double match,
For men are scarce and hard to catch;
So I fear you must make one husband do,
And try to love him as well as two.

These songs were for the most part humorous, and such they always chanted on approaching a village, or when gathered round their night-fires as the boat lay moored to the bank; but they had also songs of a graver character, and more plaintive airs, which they sung on leaving their friends or entering upon serious undertakings. Thus, when we had reached the limits of our journey at the Second Cataract, and our boat's head was turned toward the north and home, they sung the following stanzas to an air not unlike "Vaga Luna," and kept time with their oars to the plaintive measure:—

Allah! il Allah! hear our prayer!

Just Prophet! grant that the breeze is fair,
And thy guiding moon her lustre lends,
To favour the guest whom Allah sends.

The stranger's home is far away,
'Neath the bright deathbed of the day,
O'er many horizons his bark must go,
Ere he reach that home,—Row, Arabs, row!

Tho' gentle Nile for the stormy sea,
Tho' for forest dark, the bright palm-tree,
He must change—yet his father's home is there,
And his love's soft eye is gloomed with care.

The pale-faced stranger, lonely here,
In cities afar, where his name is dear,
Your Arab truth and strength shall show;
His hope is in us—Row, Arabs, row!

And they did row, sometimes eighteen hours at a stretch, only pausing to eat their scanty meals, or to drink of their beloved river. There was one Nubian in our crew, a harmless, inoffensive creature, who filled the indispensable situation of butt to his comrades, submitted to all their jokes, and laughed at them too, even when practised on himself. The day on which we entered Nubia, however, he came out in a new character, he knocked an Egyptian who had affronted him, overboard; and to the surprise of all, actually volunteered a song. It was received with great approbation, and repeated so often with shouts of laughter, that I obtained the translation of it, which I subjoin; premising that the refrain "Durwadeega Durwadee," is Nubian for "My henhouse, oh, my henhouse," and that this henhouse is considered the property of the wife, which her husband is obliged to make over to her in case of a divorce.

A change came over my husband's mind,
He loved me once, and was true and kind;
His heart went astray, he wished me away,
But he had no money my dower to pay.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

For blessed be Allah! he's old and poor,
And my cocks and hens were his only store,
So he kept me still, for well he knew
If I went, that the cocks and hens went too.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

But I saw him pining day by day,
As he wished his poor wife far away;
So I went my rival home to call,
And gave her the henhouse, and him and all.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

Then he tore his turban off his brow,
And swore I never should leave him now,
Till the death-men combed his burial locks,
Then blessed for ever be hens and cocks,
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

I make no apology for the simplicity of these songs. It would have been easy to have given them a more polished turn, and not very difficult to have put them into better poetry; but I preferred preserving, as much as possible, the spirit of the original, as the songs of a people afford no trifling insight into their character.

MEMPHIS.

Morning found us anchored off Bedrasheen, near the site of ancient Memphis. The valued friend with whom I was fortunate enough to share my voyage had been detained at Cairo, and I preferred waiting for him at the former metropolis; although corn was growing where its palaces once stood, and palm forests were waving over the gardens in which Pharaoh's daughter used to hunt butterflies with Moses. The tent was pitched on a little lawn near the river, and in the East there is no such home as a tent supplies. It is spread with carpets, under which saddle and portmanteau duly placed, form undulations enough to be substitutes for chair or pillow; sabres, and pistols, and turban capote, hang from the tent-pole. A large lantern within, and a large watch-fire without, give light to you and to your people; and an Arab sleeps across the door to keep off the wild dogs.

I wandered towards the forest of palms that embosoms the lake of Acherusia, and the few traces that remain of the ancient city of the Pharaohs. The former with its gloomy waters shadowed by dark foliage, and only broken by a promontory black with blasted and gnarled stems, was a spot that Rembrandt would have loved to paint; with the vivid sunshine here and there bursting through the gloom, like bars of burning gold. Nor would he have forgotten Charon, with his spectral passengers steering his demon ship to that vast necropolis, whose tombstones are pyramids. Some mounds among these forests are generally received as Memphis; the site of Vulcan's temple, and that where the bull Apis was kept, are supposed to be ascertained. Cambyses the tauricide, however, coming so soon after Nebuchadnezzar, and the desert, the most resistless invader of all, have left little trouble to the tourist, little harvest for the antiquarian. The only inhabitant I saw was Rhampses the Great, who lies upon his face in the mud; the benignant expression of his countenance had rather a ludicrous effect considering his attitude. He is forty feet long, and with his wife and four sons, must have formed an imposing family party in front of the Temple of Vulcan. The lady and young gentleman have disappeared; let us hope they are gone to the Elysian fields which ought to be somewhere in this neighbourhood, but as is natural, they are much more difficult to find than the other place which lies yonder. The quick twilight was come and gone as I wandered and wondered in this strange and lonely scene; the last rays of light fell upon the pyramid of Cheops, just visible through a vista of gigantic palm trees that opened from the lake of Acherusia on the dis-

tant desert. I stole down to the water's edge to get within gun-shot of some pelicans, but the solemn and thoughtful aspect of the scene converted my murderous intention into a fit of musing, and I almost thought I could hear the old trees whispering the dread prophecy—"The country shall be destitute of that whereof it was full, when I shall smite them that dwell therein; and Noph shall be desolate."

The next day I was sitting at the door of my tent towards sunset, enjoying, under the rose-colouring influence of my chibouque, the mood of mind that my situation naturally superinduced. At my feet flowed the Nile, reflecting the lofty spars of our gaily painted boat; beyond the river was a narrow strip of vegetation, some palm and acacia trees; then a tract of desert bounded by the Arabian hills, all purple by the setting sun-light. Far away on the horizon the minarets and citadel of Cairo were faintly sketched against the sky; around me lay fields of corn, beneath which Memphis, with all its wonders, lay buried, and farther on a long succession of pyramids towered over the dark belt of forest that led along the river. Suddenly the sleeping sailors started to their feet—a shout was heard from the wood—and I saw my long-lost friend slowly emerging from its shade, accompanied by some India-bound friends of his, who were escorting him so far upon their desert way. The tent suddenly shrank into its bag—the furniture was on board, and we four were seated round a dinner, to which, simple as it was, the four quarters of the globe had contributed. We passed the evening together, and something more, for morning blushed at finding the party then only separating—our friends for India—we for Ethiopia—allons!

THE ASSAULT OF IVREE.

A PASSAGE IN THE CAMPAIGN OF ITALY.

During the campaign of 1800, the French army, destined to meet the power of Austria on the plains of Italy, before it could render itself master of Turin and of Milan, penetrate even to the walls of Genoa, and declare the terms of peace on the battle-field of Marengo, and yet to surmount that vast Alpine barrier which extends from the St. Bernard to Nice and Montenotte, and to overcome a series of tremendous obstacles, presenting themselves one after another in seemingly endless succession, and tasking to the utmost, if not defying, the courage of the troops and the military genius and perseverance of the leaders. These obstacles were not merely the result of natural position; there were instances in which the resistance of the invaded was more obstinate and more terrible than that of mountains, precipices or rivers. Protected by fortifications of little strength or difficulty, and but very inefficiently aided by a locality which yielded but few means or opportunities of vigorous defence, but sustained by an indomitable courage, great resource of invention, and an enthusiastic love of country, infinitely more formidable even than their courage and their skill, the inhabitants of the small town and citadel of Ivree, with a garrison of four thousand Austrian soldiers and twenty-five pieces of cannon, maintained their post for three days against an army of forty thousand Frenchmen, commanded by the three youngest, but already most illustrious generals in Europe, Massena, Lannes, and Bernadotte.

Furious at seeing his march thus arrested before this insignificant little place, he who had taken Alexandria in a day, and Cairo in an hour, and impatient moreover to assume his positions for the investment of Milan, the commander-in-chief, on the twenty-fifth of May, 1800, ordered the division of General Lannes to march upon the village in all its force, and take it by assault. After three hours of sanguinary combat, of fierce attack and the most heroic defence, a handful of the defenders, driven from the citadel, retreating step by step, and hotly pursued by the victorious Frenchmen, threw themselves as a last resort into the quarters of Adjutant-General H., with the resolution there to maintain themselves to the last, and sell their lives as dearly as they might. In a moment the house occupied by this brave veteran was converted into a fortress—barricades were thrown up, loop-holes for musketry cut in the walls, and every disposition made that time and means afforded, for a last desperate resistance.

Lannes, who was the first to enter the assaulted village, detached an officer in command of two battalions, to drive the insurgents from their position. The officer, equally distinguished among his fellow soldiers for his impetuous courage and his ferocity, soon forced his way at the head of one of his battalions, into the disputed mansion, trampling as he went upon the bodies of the forty brave fellows by whom it had been defended. General H., the only survivor, after beholding the slaughter of his garrison, had armed himself with a hatchet, and with almost superhuman strength and desperation, opposed the entrance of the republicans; and when their leader presented himself, sword in hand, at the door of the room to which he had retreated, as his last stand of defence, the old general aimed at his head a furious blow, which would have closed his career at once and for ever, had it not been skilfully parried by the sabre of the Frenchman. It was the last effort of the wounded and wearied veteran; he fell; and, in another moment, the apartment was filled with republicans.

The Frenchman, who was never known to yield quarter to a vanquished enemy in the fifteen years of his military life, stepped forward to despatch the fallen general, when a young and lovely woman rushed from an adjoining room, threw herself at his feet and kneeling there, pale, distracted, the tears streaming from her eyes, shrieked forth in a voice of terror and despair,

"Spare him—oh spare him—do not take his life—he is my husband—the father of my child."

The Frenchman glanced for a moment at the suppliant, with an eye in which there was no trace either of anger or of pity—and then, deliberately pushing her aside, he made a step in advance, took a cool and steady aim with his pistol at the wounded officer, and shot him through the heart.

The wife of the murdered man uttered a fearful scream, and starting to her feet and flying to the room whence she had come, returned in a moment with her boy, who at the sight of his father's massacre had hidden himself, pale and trembling, under the bed; she held him up to the ferocious republican and exclaimed,

"Monster! you have slain the father—complete your work and destroy the son."

At this moment loud shouts were heard, and a French general, surrounded by a crowd of officers, appeared at the door of the apartment. The scene was dramatic—a perfect *coup de théâtre*. The heart of the ferocious soldier failed him; a pallor overspread his features, and his limbs shook; while Madame H., as if by a sudden impulse, flung herself at the feet of the general, with a single cry for "vengeance!"

The general raised her kindly and respectfully, demanding at the same moment an explanation of the scene before him. There was but little need for words; the objects upon which he gazed, bore to his mind the accusation of his subordinate; that disfigured corpse—that female upon whose lineaments was stamped horror and despair—that feeble child, with his pallid cheeks, and his eyes streaming tears, calling upon his father who answered not. The general perceived at once that there was no fact to be ascertained, no excuse to be ad-

mitted. His eye flashed fire, and striking his glove forcibly upon the palm of his left hand, he turned abruptly, and with a lowering brow, to the assassin who stood before him speechless and trembling, and exclaimed,

"Sir, you are a coward and a savage! what! murder in cold blood, an unarmed man—defenceless—a veteran—before the eyes of his wife, imploring mercy! It is the act of a fiend!"

"But, general," muttered the criminal, with a hesitating voice—the voice of one who feels that he is lost—

"Be silent, sir," interrupted the general, "I listen to no excuses; I admit of no defence. You are unworthy to serve the republic. Give me up your sword, your epaulets. From this moment you are dismissed from the brigade you have disgraced, from the army upon which you are a stain!"

The major raised his head with a proud fierce look.

"General," he said, but with a voice that betrayed his emotion. "I surrender my sword; but I demand a trial by my comrades."

"You shall have it, sir, and within the hour."

Then turning to the officers who had accompanied him to the spot, and reverentially baring his head before the body of the victim, he said to them,

"Unite with me, gentlemen, in rendering the tribute of respect to unfortunate courage—to a brave and fallen enemy."

The remainder of that dreadful day was passed by Madame H. in the bitterness of grief. After witnessing the interment of her husband with military honours, this unhappy woman, who had lost in a single moment, and under circumstances of such peculiar horror, all that made life dear to her, except her boy, sunk into a lethargy of sorrow—an abandonment to wretchedness. While she had a murdered husband to avenge, a helpless child to protect and save, she had preserved her energies of mind and body: but, now, when the assassin had undergone the shame of a public degradation, and the prompt and terrible justice of a military commission impended over his head, the hapless widow could think of nothing but her loss. For her there seemed to be no longer cause of hope or fear. She was therefore more astonished than alarmed, when, early the next morning, a French aid-de-camp, waited upon her with a request from the commander-in-chief, that she would repair immediately to his quarters at the Hotel de Ville. Without a word of inquiry or remonstrance she arose, took her child into her arms, and followed the messenger of the general.

Led to the council-chamber at the moment of her arrival, Madame H. found herself surrounded by all the glories of the republican army; by those celebrated men for whom such wondrous destinies were reserved; by whom crowns were to be won and lost, and of whom, in after years, so many were to lose on battle-fields, amid the intrigues of cabinets, or the corruptions of a court, the honour for which they now were pausing, or the lives they were now so ready to peril in its winning. There were Murat, Duroc, Lannes, Desaix, Massena, Hoche and Bernadotte; and in the midst, the general, who, with his arms folded on his breast and his eyes fixed upon the floor, walked slowly to and fro, as if in deep and painful meditation.

On the entrance of Madame H. he stopped abruptly—motioned her to be seated, and then, after gazing for a moment upon the face of her child, with a gentle smile of interest and affection, resumed his walk. Madame H. began to feel alarm. This unexpected summons, this strange reception, the silence that prevailed around her, all combined, first to surprise and then to terrify her. A vague sensation of anxiety and fear oppressed her heart, and she could not command her nerves for the utterance of a single word that might call forth a solution of her doubts. All at once the roll of a drum, at a little distance, startled her from her painful reveries. It was quickly followed by a volley of musketry, and the general, pausing in his walk, placed his hand upon her arm, and led her to a window, from which she beheld in the square below, the fearful spectacle of a military execution just accomplished.

"Look, madam," he said in a calm, yet impressive tone; "the man whom you see lying upon the ground, was a French officer, whom his comrades in arms have condemned to death, for the assassination of an Austrian, in a city taken by assault."

He paused for a moment; then glancing round upon the officers who stood near them, he continued;

"You are at liberty to quit Ivree this morning. General Desaix; whom I have requested to be your escort, will answer to the republic for your safety. Farewell, madame; report to the Prince Charles what you have seen of the justice maintained in the armies of the French."

This general, at that time first consul, was afterward the EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

BON GAULTIER AND HIS FRIENDS.

[Concluded.]

BON GAULTIER.—Literature has produced nothing for twenty years at all comparable to *Locksley Hall*, or *Ulysses*, or *Dora*, or twenty others which I could mention.

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—

"O, my cousin, spider-hearted! O, my Amy! No confound it!

I must wear the mournful willow—all around my hat I've bound it."

Do you happen to recollect such a parody, most nefarious Bon?

BON GAULTIER.—Perfectly well. I wrote it myself. A parody of a great author is the truest compliment to his genius.

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—You are right as to *Locksley Hall*, though no man should read it until he has been jilted.

O'MALLEY.—In that case nobody need wait long. I was jilted fifty times myself, before I married Lucy Dashwood.

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—Yes; and let me tell you, Captain, you behaved infernally ill to Baby Blake.

O'MALLEY.—So she says; but I wish you saw her now. Sixteen stone avoirdupois, at the slightest, with a son in the Kerry Fencibles. Heigho! Woman's constancy is all a dream; at least I never knew more than one instance of unchanging attachment, and that, strange to say, was in a French *vivandière*.

BON GAULTIER.—Tell us about it.

O'MALLEY.—We were searching the field of battle after the affair of the Bidassoa; and a very shocking employment it was. One of our fellows, Baker, I think, was missing, and a few of the Fighting Fifth volunteered on a distress party to look for him. The rain was pouring in cascades; and whilst gleaning our way through the fallen harvest of the dead, our thoughts often turned to those who—

BON GAULTIER.—Stop—stop, O'Malley! You are anticipating your own number for next month.

O'MALLEY.—O true! I beg your pardon. But you must own it is confoundingly difficult to vary one's style of description. Well then, all at once, Trevyllian, the heavy dragoon, stumbled over something on the ground, and sung out to me. I came up; and by the light of our lanterns we saw the

body of a young girl. Poor thing! she could not have been more than nineteen; with the prettiest black hair you ever saw, and the remains of a chasseur's uniform. I say the remains; for the camp-followers had been before us, and had stripped off the jacket. There was a dark line across her bosom, as if she had been tattooed; and, stooping down, I read the following inscription—

TOUJOURS FIDELE AUX 4me CUIRASSIERS.

That was a beautiful sentiment.

YOUNG SCOTLAND. What! "The general camp, pioneers and all?" *Esprit de corps*, certainly. But what became of Baker?

O'MALLEY.—Oh, we found him at last, very drunk, in a vineyard. But that was nothing uncommon in our corps.

BON GAULTIER.—I believe you. Charles Edward, my son, are you going to sing or not?

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—Would you like a Scotch ballad?

BON GAULTIER.—By all means. Is it your own?

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—I wish it were. It is by a friend of mine, of old blood and honourable name, and a heart that adorns them both. The subject was a poor girl whose lover had perished at sea, and whose reason had never recovered the shock. She used to sit for hours upon the rock, throwing wild flowers upon the waters, and searching for shells, which she fancied were love-tokens sent to her from him who slept amidst the depths of the ocean.

SONG.

Oh, weel I lo'e among the rocks to wander by my lane,
To hearken to the surges' sang, and think on days lang gane;
For then I mind my Willie best—the love 'tween him and me—
I'm nearest there, where Willie lies, beneath the braid, braid sea.

The spray fa's freshly on my cheek, and cools my burnin' broo.
But 'tis not for their callerness the glistenin' draps I lo'e,
For oh, their touch upon my lip is ba m frae heaven to me—
They maybe wet my Willie's cheek beneath the dark blue sea!

And mony a true love-token still the waves atween us bear—
To warm my Willie's taigly bed I send him mony a tear;
And aft I k ss the siller shells that Willie sends to me,
To tell me that he lo'es me yet, beneath the cauld, cauld sea.

I pu' the violets frae the bank, and drap them on the wave,
And a' to deck our bridal bed—was me!—my Willie's grave;
And some he keeps, and some come back and bear his words to me,—
"I'm wearyin' for thee, Mary, love, beneath the lanesome sea."

O, I am weary o' the light! They say my head is wrang.
To see thee, Willie—hear thee speak!—I'm sick wi' thinking lang.
I'll but put on my bridal gear, and then I'll haste to thee—
And rest me on my Willie's breast, beneath the lown, lown sea!

BON GAULTIER.—Beautiful! It reminds me of poor Motherwell.

O'MALLEY.—Women seldom lose their senses from love. 'Tis fanaticism that fills the feminine bed sin.

BON GAULTIER.—Morningside, I hear has overflowed since the Secession. But we had better not broach that subject just now, otherwise Young Scotland will be down upon us with a cataract of rampant Prelacy, or, possibly, a Pæan in honour of Bothwell Brig.

O'MALLEY.—I should not object to the last. 'Gad! it must have been a sight worth seeing, when old Dalziel and Claverse were hot upon the haunches of the vinegar visaged Whigamores!

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—A glorious Covenanting scramble! I think I could improvise—

BON GAULTIER.—Don't be bitter, if you can help it.

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—Oh no! playful and humorous. Wait till I have finished my great Epic on the death of Archbishop Sharpe. If they don't catch it hot and heavy then, I shall subscribe to a new Knox monument. Here followeth the

SONG OF THE SECESSION

When the Cock of the Kirk is forbidden to crow,
When crowdy is scarce, and the stipends are low;
When lairds are rebellious, and few of "oor freends"
Are left in the Court of Commission of Teinds,
When payment is asked of solicitors' bills,
As a general principle—Take to the hills,
With a down, down, derry down!

Like our fathers of old we shall march o'er the green,
With the blue flag above us—that never was seen.
We'll can't, and we'll rant, and condemn to the rope
Both Protestant, Presbyterian, Prelate, and Pope.
The mountainous region is rich in "sma' stills,"
No little inducement to take to the hills,
With a down, down, derry down!

Come, put on the plaid that our grandfathers wore,
And belt o'er your huddies the ragged claymore,
Stick on the blue bonnet, the badge of the Whig
Since the era of Bothwell, the raid of the Bigg.
And a handful of sulphur, in powders or pills,
Is a splendid provision to take to the hills,
With a down, down, derry down!

We've sucked the old egg of Establishment dry,
We've ta'en the last pig from the parsonage sty,
We've gutted the manse, and we've cut down the trees,
We've delved up the garden, and smoked out the bees,
And feint a potato exists in the drills
For those that come after the lads of the hills.
With a down, down, derry down!

BON GAULTIER.—Really, Charles, you are getting beyond the bounds of all moderate Puseyism.

O'MALLEY.—Not a bit—not a bit! Bravo, my boy! you are the first improvisatore of the age.

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—I knock under to no one now, since poor Theodore Hook is gone. Bon you are unusually grave to-night—what is the matter?

BON GAULTIER.—I am reflecting, my dear young friend, upon the transitory nature of human existence.

O'MALLEY.—The man's deranged!

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—With the prospects of a rising family before you—

BON GAULTIER.—A rising family, you young dog! what do you mean? A bachelor, like myself!

O'MALLEY.—A bachelor—why, what the deuce! And Julia! That paper of

yours last month upon "My Wife's Album." You don't mean to say you are not married?

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—Bravo, bravo, bravo!

BON GAULTIER.—Married! No! That paper was an infamous fabrication of Charles Edward's there. He purloined some of my scraps, added some of his own, penned that absurd article in my name, and actually deceived Tait! I never found it out till I received a note from Tait with a cheque for the article.

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—By the way, Bon, you have not accounted for your intrusions with that cheque. I'll thank you for a proportion thereof.

BON GAULTIER.—Not a copper! I never part with money. In fact, if I appeared grave just now, it was because I was meditating, in the midst of this barren age, upon the most effectual method of realizing tin.

O'MALLEY.—Why not become a Scotch O'Connell?

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—Sawney is too wide awake. I'll tell you what; if I were in your place, I'd feed myself on oilcake for six months, until I had attained the rotundity of Daniel Lambert, marry the Piebald Girl, and travel round the country in a caravan. You would make wild work among the provincial sixpences.

BON GAULTIER, (musing).—If the Hottentot Venus were alive, indeed—But no perhaps it is better as it is.

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—I once fell in love with a female dwarf, who travelled the country in a caravan with a giantess. She was a pretty little creature, but an awful shrew. Her temper was a playful mixture of mustard and vinegar.

O'MALLEY.—How did you become acquainted with the fair Fenella?

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—I was living at Inverness after the grouse season, and as lonely as a hypocondriac salmon. I used to walk out every day to Culloden, and smoke cigars upon the battle field, doing now and then a bit of verse to carry off my superfluous enthusiasm; and at night I usually contrived to terminate the young existence of some tumblers of Ferintosh. Inverness was as dull as a ditch before the appearance of the tadpoles; and I was just about to leave it, when the Fair took place. One morning I was returning from a small mess party at Fort-George, when a lumping caravan drove up, and the loveliest little pair of black eyes, that ever sparkled below a mousish eyebrow, shot a glance at me through the window. You know my weakness for the fair sex. I was a gone 'coon upon the instant.

O'MALLEY.—How did you effect an introduction?

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—I halloed to the driver, who stopped—applied myself diligently to the knocker, when the door was opened by the dear diminutive on tiptoe. I said something about fatigue, I believe, and invented a rigmarole story about a journey from Forres. But it served the purpose; and in five minutes, I was rumbling on towards the capital of the Highlands, with a Bohemian giantess on the one side, Fenella on the other, and a first-rate bottle of Barclay and Perkins swelling with internal foam upon the table. I grew animated, the ladies grew confidential, and in less than an hour, I was the sworn confidant of both; and, somewhat to my own astonishment, a joint partner in the concern.

O'MALLEY.—The deuce you were! How so?

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—The showman, or rather the conventional bandit who performs the part of herald, had been taken ill at Aberdeen, and was at that moment contributing to the medical acquirements of the pupils of Marischal College. I was offered his vacant situation and habiliments; and, love impelling, I consented. Yes, gentlemen, these goodly limbs have been swathed in about five miles of brilliant worsted binding; this head has worn an inverted sugar-loaf; and these lips have known the kindly contact of the cork. Eloquence is a gift that increases wonderfully by practice. You have no idea how touching my appeals to the credulousness of human nature proved, even in these benighted regions. I magnified the giantess into a mountain, and dwindled the dear dwarf into a daisy, and thousands of credulous Celts paid their pence for the privilege of a peep.

O'MALLEY.—Did you not find the amusement tiresome?

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—Not in the slightest. The day passed like lightning in the thought of the evening hours. And what evenings these were! How happy we were after the shutters were put up, and the alligator and rattlesnakes—for we boasted the attraction of these interesting reptiles—were consigned to their box for the night! How social was our little supper of sausages and potatoes, with the smallest possible jug of rum punch to give them flavour! And oh, what rapture thrilled my bosom when the angelic elf dropped her tiny head upon my knee, and confessed that my passion was returned!

O'MALLEY.—What broke up this second Eden? The snakes, at all events, were in safe custody.

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—Jealousy was the cause. The great Glumdalca had deigned to look upon me with a favourable eye, and could not brook a rival. I was unaware of the huge furnace fire that glowed in her enormous bosom; and never would have discovered it, had it not been that one morning my small enchantress disappeared.

O'MALLEY.—Disappeared! How?

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—You shall hear. I threw myself on the ground in an agony of tears, for I never doubted for an instant that the alligator, who was a vicious brute, had bolted my beloved. Presently I felt myself trussed high in the air by the giantess, who took me up as easily as you could lift a terrier, and treated me with an unceremonious cuddle. I remonstrated; and my remonstrance was echoed, to my astonishment, from the interior of the teacaddy. In an instant all was explained. The jealous Bohemian had immured her rival in a fragrant dungeon of Bohemia, in order to procure an unwitnessed tête à tête; and the poor little thing was almost smothered before I could manage to procure her release.

O'MALLEY.—And then?

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—O, then she ran at the giantess with the ferocity of a rat; bit her ancles, pinched her shins, and danced upon her corns, like a demoniac. I fared no better. The miniature vixen—my pocket Venus, as I used prettily to call her—believed I was an accomplice, and threw a live rattlesnake at my head. After that, you know, it was time to be off, so, with a vigorous spring, I cleared the caravan; and dined that evening in Glen Morris-ton.

O'MALLEY.—Ha, ha, ha! Capital! That reminds me of a little affair that happened just before the storming of Ciudad Rod—

YOUNG SCOTLAND, (Aside).—O, Lord! By the way, Captain, is old Monsoon still alive? He is as original in his way as Dugald Dalgetty.

O'MALLEY.—The Major lives; but he is getting shaky. The last time I saw him at Boulogne, his hand was vibrating like an aspen leaf. "Charley, my boy," said he, "it does very well still for peppering my meat; but I find it a deuce of a business to put down the salt properly at the edge of my plate."

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—The malady of the present age is *delirium tremens*.

BON GAULTIER.—True; and no wonder. The very periodicals savour of it. What do popular authors recommend but incessant eating and drinking; not the humorous exaggeration of *gourmanderie*, in which our revered father in fun, Rabelais, revels, but downright hard guttling, and swilling? Look at Ainsworth's "Tower of London." There is as much victual consumed in that work as would have stocked the fortress from the days of Julius Cæsar downwards. The most delicate of the heroines is gifted with the digestive powers of an Anaconda; and as for the heroes, there is not one of them but might cope with the Emperor Maximinus.

O'MALLEY.—You may say that, indeed. It's positively disgusting.

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—By the way, O'Malley, you were a Trinity College man before you buckled on the sabre.

O'MALLEY.—O yes! These were merry days. Frank Webber and I used to go it rather hard. Frank is a sober fellow now, with a silk-gown upon his back, and a very fair prospect of the bench.

BON GAULTIER.—Is he married?

O'MALLEY.—O yes, and has a rising family. He married Lady Jane Lorrequer, after poor Harry met with his accident.

BON GAULTIER.—Bless my soul, is Harry Lorrequer dead? What accident do you allude to?

O'MALLEY.—Faith, it was rather an awkward business. Dennis O'Shaughnessy shot him by mistake. A party of old campaigners were dining together one day with General Power, when O'Shaughnessy took occasion to mention—quite in a statistical way—that, when he was in the Mediterranean, he had seen anchovies growing upon the bushes. Of course, we all laughed at this, but Shaugh persisted in his statement, and at last got so fierce, that it became unsafe to argue with him. Harry, who was a droll devil, would take no hints, but kept badgering the major; and so, from one thing to another, words ran high, and a tidy little meeting was arranged for the following morning. We tried to make the matter up, but Shaugh would listen to nothing, unless Harry would admit the fact of anchovies being vegetables, which, out of a zeal for the science of Botany, I suppose, he flatly refused to do. Well, Sir, we went out at five o'clock, I backing Lorrequer, and Bob McCarthy doing the like for Shaugh. At the first blaze Lorrequer got a bullet in his heart, and fell over as dead as a roebuck. The Doctor, Maurice Quill, who was on the ground, and who by the way, never liked Harry, sung out—"By Jove, there's a caper!" I wish you had seen O'Shaughnessy's face: he grew as white as a sheet,—flung away his pistol, and rushing up to Harry, exclaimed, "Och, murder and turf! Lorrequer my darling—I ask your pardon a hundred times over. It was capers I meant, and not anchovies!"

BON GAULTIER.—One must look sharp to his language in Ireland, it appears. What became of Shaughnessy?

O'MALLEY.—He's a monk of La Trappe.

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—Very well done, indeed. But we are rather too old birds to be caught with such chaff as this. I've heard that story an age ago. How you literary men do pilfer!

O'MALLEY.—All literary men are privateers.

BON GAULTIER.—What a blessing it would be if they would turn nautical, club their quotas for a schooner, and sail for the Spanish Main! Bently or Colburn would make a magnificent captain, and Marryat, in honour of his calling, would be a perfect Dick Hatteraick of a lieutenant. Then only fancy La man Blanchard pulling at the ropes, Tennyson in an ecstasy of terror clinging to the shrouds, and Grant with a duster round his waist, officiating in the capacity of cook!

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—Imagine Ainsworth with a large junk of pig-tail secreted in his cheek, and Fitzball leading the boarders!

O'MALLEY.—A literary Armada! The idea is a good one, and might be worked out. Apropos of piracy, weren't you once on the high seas?

BON GAULTIER.—I was.

O'MALLEY.—Did you like it?

BON GAULTIER.—I can't say I did. I was not fortunate enough to find a Jack Bunce; and being too much of a Cleveland myself, the scoundrels marooned me.

O'MALLEY.—Any Minnas!

BON GAULTIER.—Several. But it's a long story, and I will not tell it now. —Gentlemen, I challenge you to a round of improvising, while supper is coming up.—(Calls down the Well-hole.) M'Pherson—the oysters with all speed. Now, then, here goes!

I sate in my castle, alone, in the sea,
And I heard a voice was singing to me,—
"The moon shines bright
Through the autumn night,
And the waves are flashing far and free.
The sea-weeds wave
On our hollow cave
Where the velvet beds of the sponges be,
And the rarest shells
Of our fairy dells,
We have gathered, and chosen, and spread for thee!"

Chorus, gentlemen!

Under the sea,
Where the corals be,
There wilt thou come, and feast with me.

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—

As I was swimming over the sea,
I heard a voice that was singing to me—
"The island is far,
And its fitful star
Is false as the maiden that waits for thee.
Oh, bend thy glance
Where the moonbeams dance,
On the clear white sand and the coral tree;
For pure as snow
Are the hearts below,
That range through the halls of the waters free!"

CHORUS.

Under the sea,
Where the corals be,
There wilt thou come and live with me!

O'MALLEY.

As I was rowing over the sea,
I heard a voice that was singing to me—

"The shells are spread
On the oyster-bed,
Far down in the scalps, where the natives be,
The unctuous snore
Of the huge Pandore,
It fills the fisherman's heart with glee.
'Tis good to eat
That savoury meat
With vinegar, pepper, and fresh Chablis!"

CHORUS.

Under the sea,
Where the Pandores be,
There is a royal feast for thee!

THANE, (below.)

As she was a plowering ofer ta sea,
She saw a young woman, tat sang to me,
"Come, drink your fill
At a fine sma' still,
That's down below—and it's duty free!"
She sate on ta rocks,
And she kaimed her locks
Wi' a mussel shell and her fingers three;
And she flappt her tail,
Like a telicate whale;
And a fine jistale young woman was she!

[The Thane emerges from the Well-hole with a baker's board covered with oysters, which he places on the table.]

YOUNG SCOTLAND.—Did I not say, that I had bespoken a supply of the na'tives on my way from Inchkeith?

BON GAULTIER.—The vinegar, O'Malley!

(Left sitting.)

SUPERSTITIONS.—NO. III.

WITCHCRAFT IN SCOTLAND.

The mania respecting witchcraft, which sprang up into vigour throughout southern Europe in consequence of the edicts of Innocent and Leo, spread in time to Scotland, and acquired strong possession of the public mind during the reign of Queen Mary. At that period, an act was passed by the Scottish Parliament for the suppression and punishment of witchcraft; but this only served as the papal bulls had done, to confirm the people in their maniacal credulity, and to countenance and propagate the general delusion. In terms of these ill-judged statutes, great number of persons, male as well as female, were charged with having intercourse with the devil, convicted, and burned on the Castlehill of Edinburgh and elsewhere. This continued during the earlier part of the reign of James VI., whose mind, unfortunately for the more aged of the female part of his subjects, was deeply impressed with the flagrant nature of the crime of witchcraft. In 1590, James, it is well known, made a voyage to Denmark to see, marry, and conduct home in person, his appointed bride, the Princess Anne. Soon after his arrival, a tremendous witch conspiracy against the happy conclusion of his homeward voyage was discovered, in which the principal agents appeared to be persons considerably above the vulgar. One was Mrs. Agnes Sampson, commonly called the *Wise Wife of Keith* (Keith being a village in East-Lothian), who is described as "grave, matron-like, and settled in her answer." On this occasion, the king was induced by his peculiar tastes to engage personally in the business of judicial investigation. He had all the accused persons brought before himself for examination, and even superintended the tortures applied to them to induce confession. The statements made by these poor wretches form a singular tissue of the ludicrous and horrible in intimate union.

"The said Agnes Sampson was after brought again before the king's majesty and his council, and being examined of the meetings and detestable dealings of those witches, she confessed, that upon the night of All-Hallow-even she was accompanied, as well with the persons aforesaid, as also with a great many other witches, to the number of two hundred, and that all they together went to sea, each one in a riddle, or sieve, and went in the same very substantially, with flaggons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way in the same riddles, or sieves, to the Kirk of North-Berwick, in Lothian, and that after they had landed, took hands on the land, and danced this riel, or short dance, singing all with one voice,

"Cummer, goe ye before, cummer, goe ye;
Gif ye will not goe before, cummer, let me."

At which she confessed that Geillis Duncan did goe before them, playing this reil or dance upon a small trumpet, called a Jew's harp, until they entered into the Kirk of North-Berwick. These made the king in a wonderful admiration, and he sent for the said Geillis Duncan, who upon the like trumpet did play the said dance before the king's majesty, who in respect of the strangeness of these matters, took great delight to be present at their examination."

In the sequel of Agnes Sampson's confession we find some special reasons for the king's passionate like for these exhibitions, in addition to the mere love of the marvellous. The witches pandered to his vanity on all occasions, probably in the vain hope of mitigating their own doom. Agnes Sampson declared that one great object with Satan and his agents was to destroy the king; that they had held the great North Berwick convention for no other end; and that they had endeavoured to effect their aim on many occasions, and particularly by raising a storm at sea when James came across from Denmark. "The witches demanded of the devil why he did beare such hatred to the greatest enemy hee hath in the world." Such an eulogy, from such a quarter, could not but pamper the conceit of "the Scottish Solomon."

The following further points in the deposition of Agnes Sampson are worthy of notice. "Item, She went with the witch of Carrieburn, and other witches, to the Kirk of Newton, and taking up dead folks and jointing them [cutting off fingers, &c.], made enchanted powders for witchcraft. Item, She went with other witches in a boat, the devil going before them like a rock of hay. Item, The devil, in the shape of a dog, gave her responses concerning her laird's recovery, and endeavoured to put awa a ne of the ladies' daughters. Item, she raised a universal great storm in the sea when the queen was coming to Scotland, and wrote a letter to that effect to a witch in Leith. Item, She used this prayer in the healing of sickness:—

All kinds of ill that ever may be," &c.

The repetition of these and such like verses by the confessing witches, has been matter of frequent surprise. But it must be remembered that a code of witchcraft, extensively known and accredited, existed at that day, regular forms and rules for its exercise having been laid down in the course of time. It must

be recollected, also, that these poor creatures, though guiltless of all supernatural intercourse, had really pretended to the gift of healing by charms and incantations in many cases, and had to invent or learn formulas for the purpose. Besides, we find these doggerel scraps chiefly in the revelations of Agnes Sampson. She, it is stated, could write, and of course could read also; and hence she is to be regarded as a person who had had superior opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the witchcraft code, as well as superior capabilities for filling up deficiencies on the spur of the moment. In her confession she implicated on Doctor Fian, otherwise called John Cunningham, master of the school at Salt pans, in Lothian, a man whose story may be noticed at some length, as one of the most curious and instructive in the whole annals of Scottish witchcraft.

Mrs. Sampson deposed that Dr. Fian was always a prominent person at the witch-meetings, and Geillis Duncan, the marvellous trump-player, confirmed this assertion. Whether made through heedlessness or malice, these averments decided Fian's fate. He was seized, and after being "used with the accustomed paine provided for those offences inflicted upon the rest, first, by *thrawing of his head with a rope*, whereat he would confess nothing;" and, secondly, being urged "by fair means to confess his follies," which had as little effect; "lastly, hee was put to the most severe and cruell paine in the the world, called the booties, when, after he had received three strokes, being inquired if he would confess his actes and wicked life, his tongue would not serve him to speake; in respect whereof, the rest of the witches wiled to search his tongue, under which was founde two pinnes thrust up in o the heade, whereupon the witches did say, now is the charme smented, and showed that those charmed pins were the cause he could not confesse any thing; then was he immediately released of the booties, brought before the king, and his confession was taken." Appalled by the cruel tortures he had undergone, Fian seems now only to have thought how he could best get up a story that should bring him to a speedy death. He admitted himself to be the devil's "register," or clerk, who took the oaths from all witches at their initiation, and avowed his having bewitched various persons. In proof of the latter statement he instanced the case of a gentleman near Salt pans, whom he had so practised upon, he said that the victim fell into fits at intervals. This person, who seems to have been either a lunatic or afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, was sent for, and "being in his majestie's chamber, suddenly hee gave a great screech, and fell into madness, sometimes bending himself, and sometimes capring so directly up, that his heade did touch the ceiling of the chamber, to the great admiration of his majestie." On these and other accounts Dr. Fian was sent to prison, but he contrived soon after to escape from it. "By means of a hot and harde pursuite," he was retaken, and brought before the king, to be examined anew. But the unfortunate man had had time to think, and like Cranmer under somewhat similar circumstances, resolved to retract the admissions which the weakness of the body had drawn from him, and to suffer any thing rather than renew them. He boldly told this to the king; and James, whom these records make us regard with equal contempt and indignation, ordered the unfortunate man to be subject to the following most horrible tortures. "His nailes upon all his fingers were riven and pulled off with an instrument called in Scottish a *turkas* which in England are called a payre of pincers, and under everie naile there was thrust in two needles over, even up to the heades; at all which torments, notwithstanding, the doctor never shrunk a whit, neither would he then confesse it the sooner for all the tortures inflicted on him. Then was hee, with all convenient speed, by commandement, conveyed again to the torment of the booties, wherein he continued a long time, and did abide so many blowes in them, that his legges were cruell and beaten together as small as might bee, whereby they were made unserviceable for ever." Notwithstanding all this, such was the strength of mind of the victim, or, as King James termed it, "so deeply had the devil entered into his heart," that he still denied all, and resolutely declared that "all he had done and said before was only done and said for fear of the paynes which he had endured." As, according to this fashion of justice, to confess or not to confess was quite the same thing, the poor school-master of Salt pans was soon afterwards strangled, and then burned on the Castlehill of Edinburgh (January 1591).

Much about the same time that Agnes Sampson made her confessions, some cases occurred, showing that witchcraft was an art not confined to the vulgar. A woman of high rank and family, Catherine Ross, Lady Fowls, was indicted at the instance of the king's advocate for the practice of witchcraft. On inquiry it was clearly proved that this lady had endeavoured, by the aid of witchcraft and poisons, to take away the lives of three or more persons who stood between her and an object she had at heart. She was desirous to make young Lady Fowls possessor of the property of Fowls, and to marry her to the laird of Balnagown. Before this could be effected, Lady Fowls had to cut off her sons-in-law, Robert and Hector Munro, and the young wife of Balnagown, besides several others. Having consulted with witches, Lady Fowls began her work by getting pictures of the intended victims made in clay, which she hung up, and shot at with arrows shod with flints of a particular kind, called elf-arrow heads. No effect being thus produced, this really abandoned woman took to poisoning ale and dishes, none of which cut off the proper persons, though others who accidentally tasted them lost their lives. By the confession of some of the assistant hags, the purposes of Lady Fowls were discovered, and she was brought to trial; but a local or provincial jury of dependants acquitted her. One of her purposed victims, Hector Munro, was then tried in turn for conspiring with witches against the life of his brother George. It was proved that a curious ceremony had been practised to effect this end. Hector, being sick, was carried abroad in blankets, and laid in an open grave on which his foster-mother ran the breadth of nine riggs, and, returning, was asked by the chief attendant witch, "which she chose should live, Hector or George?" She answered, "Hector." George Munro did die soon afterwards, and Hector recovered. The latter was also acquitted, by a provincial jury, on his trial.

These disgraceful proceedings were not without their parallel in other families of note of the day. Euphemia Macalzean, daughter of an eminent judge, Lord Cliftonhall, was burned at the stake in 1591, having been convicted, if not of witchcraft, at least of a long career of intercourse with pretenders to witchcraft, whom she employed to remove obnoxious persons out of her way—tasks which they accomplished by the very simple means of poisoning, where they did accomplish them at all. The jury found this violent and abandoned woman, for such she certainly was, guilty of participation in the murder of her own god-father, of her husband's nephew, and another individual. They also found her guilty of having been at the Wise Woman of Keith's great witch-convention of North Berwick; but every witch of the day was compelled to admit having been there, out of compliment to the king, to whom it was a source of agreeable terror to think himself of so much importance as to call for a solemn convocation of the powers of evil to overthrow him. Euphemia Macalzean was "burnt in assis, quick, to the death." This was a doom not

assigned to the less guilty. Alluding to cases of this latter class, a writer (al ready quoted) in the Foreign Quarterly Review remarks, "In the trials of Bes sie Roy, of James Reid, of Patrick Currie, of Isobel Grierson and of Grizel Gardiner, the charges are principally of taking off and laying on diseases either on men or cattle; meetings with the devil in various shapes and places; raising and dismembering dead bodies for the purpose of enchantments; destroying crops; scaring honest persons in the shape of cats; taking away women's milk; committing housebreaking and theft by means of enchantments, and so on. South-running water, sal, rowan-tree, enchanted flints (probably elf-arrow heads), and doggerel verses, generally a translation of the Lord's Prayer, were the means employed for effecting a cure." Diseases, again, were laid on by forming pictures of clay or wax; by placing a dead hand, or some mutilated member, in the house of the intended victim; or by throwing enchanted articles at his door. A good purpose did not save the witch; intercourse with spirits, in any shape, being the crime.

Of course, in the revelations of the various witches, inconsistencies were abundant, and even plain and evident impossibilities were frequently among the things averred. The sapient James, however, in place of being led by these things to doubt the whole, was only strengthened in his opinions, it being a maxim of his, that the witches were "all extreme liars." Other persons came to different conclusions from the same premises, and before the close of James's reign, many men of sense began to weary of the torturings and incriminations that took place almost every day, in town or country, and had done so for a period of thirty years (between 1590 and 1620). Advocates now came forward to defend the accused, and in their pleadings ventured even to arraign some of the received axioms of "Daemonologie" laid down by the king himself, in a book bearing that name. The removal of James to England moderated, but did not altogether stop, the witch prosecutions. After his death they slackened more considerably. Only eight witchcraft cases are on the Record as having occurred between 1625 and 1640 in Scotland, and in one of these cases, remarkable to tell, the accused escaped. The mania, as it appears, was beginning to wear itself out.

As the spirit of puritanism gained strength, however, which it gradually did during the latter part of the reign of Charles I., the partially cleared horizon became again overcast, and again was this owing to ill-judged edicts, which, by indicating the belief of the great and the educated in witchcraft, had the natural effect of reviving the frenzy among the flexible populace. The General Assembly was the body in fault on this occasion, and from this time forward the clergy were the great witch-hunters in Scotland. The Assembly passed condemnatory acts in 1640, 43, 44, 45, and 49, and with every successive act the cases and convictions increased, with even a deeper degree of attendant horrors than at any previous time. "The old impossible and abominable fancies," says the review formerly quoted, "of the *Malleus* were revived. About thirty trials appear on the Record between 1649 and the Restoration, only one of which appears to have terminated in an acquittal; while at a single circuit, held at Glasgow, Stirling, and Ayr, in 1659, seventeen persons were convicted and burnt for this crime." But it must be remembered that the phrase "on the Record" alludes only to judicatory trials, which formed but a small proportion of the cases really tried. The judicatory lists take no note of the commissions perpetually given by the privy-council to resident gentlemen and clergymen to try and burn witches in their respective districts. These commissions executed people over the whole country in multitudes. Wodrow, Lamont, Mercer, and Whitelocke, prove this but too satisfactorily.

The clergy continued, after the Restoration, to pursue these imaginary criminals with a zeal altogether deplorable. The Judicatory Court condemned twenty persons in the first year of Charles II's reign (1661), and in one day of the same year the council issued fourteen new provincial commissions, the aggregate doings of which one shudders to guess at. To compute their condemnations would be impossible, for victim after victim perished at the stake, unnamed and unheard of. Morayshire became at this particular period the scene of a violent fit of the great moral frenzy, and some of the most remarkable examinations signalling the whole course of Scottish witchcraft took place in that county. The details, though occasionally ludicrous from their absurdity, are too horrible for narration in the present pages.

The popular frenzy seems to have exhausted itself by its own virulence in 1661—62, for an interval of six years subsequently elapsed without a single judicatory trial for the crime of witchcraft, and one fellow was actually whipped for charging some person with it. After this period, the dying embers of the delusion only burst out on occasions, here and there, into a momentary flame. In 1678, several women were condemned, "on their own confession," says the Register; but we suspect this only means, in reality, that one malicious being made voluntary admissions involving others, as must often have been the case, we fear, in these proceedings. Scattered cases took place near the beginning of the eighteenth century, such as those at Paisley in 1697, at Pittenweem in 1704, and at Spott about the same time. It is curious, that, as something like direct evidence became necessary for condemnation, that evidence presented itself, and in the shape of possessed or enchanted young persons, who were brought into court to play off their tricks. The most striking case of this nature was that of Christian Shaw, a girl about eleven years old, and the daughter of Mr. Shaw of Bargarran, in Renfrewshire. This wretched girl, who seems to have been an accomplished hypocrite, young as she was, quarrelled with a maid-servant, and, to be revenged, fell into convulsions, saw spirits, and, in short, feigned herself bewitched. To sustain her story, she accused one person after another, till not less than twenty were implicated, some of them children of the ages of twelve and fourteen! They were tried on the evidence of the girl, and five human beings perished through her malicious impostures. It is remarkable that this very girl afterwards founded the thread manufacture in Renfrewshire. From a friend who had been in Holland, she learnt some secrets in spinning, and, putting them skillfully in practice, she led the way to the extensive operations carried on in that department of late years. She became the wife of the minister of Kilmaurs, and, it is to be hoped, had leisure and grace to repent of the wicked misapplication, in her youth, of those talents which she undoubtedly possessed.

The last judicatory trial for witchcraft in Scotland was in the case of Elspeth Rule, who was convicted in 1708, and—banished. The last regular execution for the crime is said to have taken place at Cornoch in 1722, when an old woman was condemned by David Ross, sheriff of Caithness. But we fear the provincial records of the north, if inquired into, would show later deaths on this score. However, here may be held to end the tragical part of the annals of Scottish witchcraft. The number of its victims, for reasons previously stated, it would be difficult accurately to compute, but the black scroll would include, according to those who have most attentively inquired into the subject, upwards of four thousand persons! And by what a fate they perished! Cruelly tortured while living, and dismissed from life by a living death amid the flames! And for what? For an impossible crime! And who were the victims, and

who the executioners? The victims, in by far the majority of cases, were the aged, the weak, the deformed, the lame, and the blind; those to whom nature had been ungentle in her outward gifts, or whom years and infirmities had doomed to poverty and wretchedness; exactly that class of miserable beings, in short, for whom more enlightened times provide houses of refuge, and endow charitable institutions, aiming, in the spirit of true benevolence, to supply to them that attention and support which nature or circumstances have denied them the power of procuring for themselves. Often, too, was the victim a person distinguished by particular gifts and endowments; gifts bestowed by the Creator in kindness, but rendered fatal to the possessor by man. These were the victims of witchcraft. The executioners were the wisest and greatest of their time. Men distinguished above their fellows for knowledge and intelligence, ministers of religion and of the laws, kings, princes, and nobles—these, and such as these, judged of the crime, pronounced the doom, and sent the poor victims of delusion to the torture, the stake, and the scaffold.

A DOSE.

BY T. HOOD.

"Ellen, you have been out."
"Well, I know I have."
"To the King's head."
"No, John, no. But no matter. You'll be troubled no more with my drinking."
"What do you mean?"
"I mean what I say, John," replied the wife, looking very serious, and speaking very solemnly and deliberately, with a strong emphasis on every word. "You—will—be—troubled—no—more—with—my—drinking—I HAVE TOOK IT AT LAST."
"I knew it!" exclaimed the wretched husband, desperately tossing his arms aloft, as when all is lost. "I knew it!"—and, leaving one coat flap in the hands of his wife, who vainly attempted to detain him, he rushed from the room—sprang down the stairs, both flights, by two and three stairs at a time—ran along the passages, and without his hat, or gloves, or stick, dashed out at the street door, sweeping from the step two ragged little girls, a quarter loaf, a basin of treacle, and a baby. But he never stopped to ask if the children were hurt, or even to see whether the infant dripped with gore or molasses. Away he ran, like a rabid dog, straight forward, down the Borough, heedless alike of a porter's load, baker's basket, and butcher's tray.
"I say," muttered the errand boy, as he staggered from the collision.
"Do that again," growled the placard man, as he recovered the pole and board which had been knocked from his shoulder.

"Mind where you're goin'," bawled a hawker, as he picked up his scattered wares; whilst a dandy, suddenly thrust into the kennel, launched after the runner one of those verbal missiles which are said to return, like the boomerang, to those who launch them.

But, on, on, on, scampered the Teetotaller, heedless of all impediments—on he scoured, like a he Camilla, to the shop, number 240, with the red, blue, and green bottles in the window—the chemist's and druggist's—into which he darted, and up to the little bald man at the desk, with barely breath enough left to gasp out "My Wife!" "Poison!" and "Pump!"

"Vegetable or mineral?" inquired the Surgeon-Apothecary, with professional coolness.

"Both—all sorts—laudanum—arsenic—oxalic acid—corrosive sublimity"—and the Teetotaller was about to add pine-apple rum, amongst the poisons, when the Dr. stopped him.

"Is she sick?"

"No." But remembering the symptoms over-night, the Teetotaller ventured to say, on the strength of his dream, that she was turning all manner of colours, like a rainbow, and swelling as big as a house.

"Then there is not a moment to lose," said the Esculapius, and accordingly clapping on his hat, and arming himself with the necessary apparatus—a sort of elephantine syringe with a very long trunk—he set off at a trot, guided by the Teetotaller, to unpoison the rash and ill-fated bacchanalian, Mrs. Burrage.

"And did he save her?"

"My dear madam, be content to let that issue remain a little, and accumulate interest like a sum in the savings' bank."

Now, when the Teetotaller, with the medical man at his heels, arrived at his own house, Mrs. Burrage was still in her bedroom, which was a great convenience, for before she could account for the intrusion of a stranger, nay even without knowing how it was done, she found herself seated—more zealously, tenderly or ceremoniously—in the easy chair; and when she attempted to expostulate, she felt herself choking with a tube of something, which was certainly neither macaroni, nor stick-liquorice, nor yet pipe-peppermint.

To account for this precipitancy, the exaggerated representations of her husband must be borne in mind; and if his wife did not exhibit all the dying dolphin-like colours that he had described—if she was not quite so blue, green, yellow, or black, as he had painted her, the apothecary made sure she would soon be, and consequently went to work without delay, where delays were so dangerous.

Mrs. Burrage, however, was not a woman to submit quietly to a disagreeable operation, against her own consent; so with a vigorous kick, and a push at the same time, she contrived to rid herself at once of the doctor and his instrument, and indignantly demanded to know the meaning of the assault upon her.

"It's to save your life—your precious life, Ellen," said the Teetotaller, very solemnly.

"It's to empty the stomach, ma'am," said the doctor.

"Empty a fiddle," retorted Mrs. B., who would have added "stick," but the doctor, watching his opportunity, had dexterously popped the tube again into her open mouth—not without a fresh scuffle from the patient.

"For the Lord's sake, Ellen," continued the Teetotaller, confining her hand, "do, do, pray do sit quiet."

"Pob—wob—wobble," said Ellen, "Hub—bub—bub—bubble," attempting to speak with another pipe in her throat besides the windpipe.

"Have the goodness, ma'am, to be composed," implored the doctor.

"I won't," shouted Mrs. Burrage, having again released herself from the instrument by a desperate struggle. "What am I to be pumped out for?"

"Oh, Ellen, Ellen," said the Teetotaller, "you know what you have taken."

"Corrosive salts and narcotics," put in the doctor.

"Arsenic and corrosive sublimity," said the Teetotaller.

"Oxalic acid and tincture of opium," added the doctor.

"Fly water and laurel water," said Mr. Burrage.

"Vitriol, prussic acid, and aquifortis," continued the druggist.

"I've took no such thing," said the refractory patient.
 "Oh, Ellen, you know what you said."
 "Well, what?"
 "Why, that your drinking should never trouble me any more."
 "And no more it shall!" screamed the wilful woman, falling, as she spoke, into convulsive paroxysms of the wildest laughter. "No more it shall, for I've took—"
 "What, ma'am, pray what?"
 "In the name of Heaven? What?"
 "Why, then—I've took the PLEDGE!"

THE POLISH REFUGEE BALL.

PARIS, Jan. 31st.

That you may not instantly reject the description of a ball as beneath your dignity, I beg you to understand, that it is taken from what a German would call the *ästhetischer Standpunkt*, æsthetic point of view. It is so seldom that a ball has any physiognomy, that I cannot let slip the opportunity of recording a rare exception to the usual commonplace.

The ball for the benefit of the Polish Refugees took place last night at the *Hôtel Lambert*, in the *Isle St. Louis*, the island at the extremity of Paris, furthest from the *Tuileries*, and from all men and things pretending to be fashionable. This beautiful hotel was built by Lambert, the chancellor of Louis XIII., and is one of the most striking specimens I have seen of what, for want of a better name, I must call the courtly style of architecture. The handsome and imposing court, the *perron*, the noble staircase, are all so many stages of preparation for the perfectly elegant and splendid saloons, chambers, and galleries, which were destined to contain and receive beauty and wit, wealth, high birth, and courtly manners in their most palmy and triumphant days. This hotel had shared the fate of many other gorgeous and stately things. Ever since the revolution, it has been empty or applied to various base and sordid purposes. A friend of mine went to look at the walls, painted by *Leseur* and *Lebrun*, and found it full of sacks of corn. It has been despoiled of its best pictures, and in various ways injured, but still it remained an almost unique specimen of its age and kind, and the government knew not what to do with it, when Princess Czartoriski, the wife of that noblest representative of Poland, who is so well known and so highly honoured in England, had the good taste to buy it. She has had the still better taste not to sink it to the level of the countless imitations of "*Louis Quatorze*" by restorations; you see in an instant that it is a real unaltered thing: the gold is worn and tarnished, the walls and ceilings are cracked here and there, but these, whether the finger-marks of time, or traces of the still ruder handling of barbarous men, give it an historical and even poetical interest. There is also something singularly appropriate in such a palace to the fortunes of its princely owners. Far from the obtrusive tumult and fatiguing sameness of the gay world, from the contact of vulgar finery and upstart wealth, belonging to another age and another state of society, this solitary and noble building seemed to me wonderfully in harmony with the position of those who, in their adversity, are as far above the crowd of the prosperous vulgar, as the *Hôtel Lambert* is superior to the houses of a "fashionable quarter."

I had already seen the building by daylight, and was prepared to expect a beautiful *coup d'œil*. But the whole scene surpassed my expectations. The night was stormy. Heavy clouds flitted rapidly across the moon, as we drove along the magnificent line of quay, which presents such an unequalled series of interesting objects. Passing from the showy *Place de la Concorde* (to which I will honestly confess I cannot give all the admiration constantly demanded from you by Parisians: I agree with a critic, who could neither read nor write—that it is *trop joujou*), and under the vast and ponderous masses of the *Louvre*, we had the river, with its various effects and reflexions of dark and bright, always at our side—the moonlight—the bridges with their brilliant rows of lamps. We soon came in sight of the gloomy and picturesque towers of the *Conciergerie*, thrown into pitchy shade by the moon behind them, while those of *Notre Dame* loomed in the distance; on the other side, and in bright moonlight, the *Place du Châtelet* and the *Hôtel de Ville*; here we joined the long *file*, and had abundant time to watch the lamps of the carriages slowly creeping over the little bridge, which leads to the *Isle St. Louis*,—the *Pont de Marie*, and winding under the high and massive walls of the *Hôtel Lambert*. The whole way from the foot of the bridge, on the island side, to the door, was illuminated with torches. The crowd was immense, and I can hardly describe the singular contrasts which presented themselves to the inward and outward sense. The dark, dingy, narrow streets, inhabited only by the obscurest part of the population, and which, for nearly a century, had not resounded to the rattle of wheels, now full of carriages, which seemed to come in interminable series; the dark mass of the fortress-like building, projected sharply into the *Seine* at its foot; the rooms so long mute and desolate, now filled with light and music and the hum of countless voices—what a singular reanimation! and by what a singular event! When Lambert built that house, what were the relative positions of Poland and her remorseless oppressor!

The entrance was as striking as all the rest. At the foot and top of the staircase, and at every door, stood a grand halberdier, in the dress of the beginning of Louis the Fourteenth's reign—a scarlet coat, richly laced with gold, with the single breasts, long skirts, and pockets of that time; the wide hanging sleeves, showing the ruffled shirt and long buff gloves; long laced neckcloths, and small fringed cocked hats, completed this picturesque costume. Their tall persons and perfectly foreign physiognomy, the braid of dark hair falling on one side of the face, and a certain un-French gravity and stillness, gave them a character far above that of mere decoration (though even so, they would have been appropriate to the place, and wonderfully ornamental). They looked like old followers in the antique livery of the house of Czartoriski. The dancing was on the ground floor. The most beautiful rooms are above. Nothing can exceed the elegance, richness, and variety of the decorations of the walls and ceilings. There is a coincidence so singular and inexplicable in one of the ornaments of the long gallery, that if I were writing a novel, I should not dare to put it in. There are carvings of various subjects, in alto relievo, between the panels. In the centre of the gallery, on each side—consequently intended to be the principal and prominent figure—is the crowned eagle of Poland, about the size of life, in complete relief, standing out from the wall. How, or with what intent, this prophetic bird came there, no one can explain. The fact is so singular, that some people, who do not know Princess Czartoriski, have actually imagined she had them placed there. Some hands, inspired by the undying faith, hope, and love which cling to Poland, had hung laurel wreaths round the necks of the royal birds. Admirable tenacity of confidence in a just cause! And this, at the very moment when the Emperor Nicholas is confiscating the whole endowments of the Catholic Church throughout Poland and Lithuania. But they are right: it is not the crimes of tyrants that ought to make their victims despair.

These are not exactly ball reflections—but I cannot help that. The Princess sat in the stately and antique bed-room, surrounded by ladies. The group, backed by the two beds of fine old carved oak, with their tall and elegant spiral posts, carried one back to the days when the *ruelle* was the place where wit and beauty sat enthroned.

At the top of the house is a little room beautifully painted, called *le cabinet de Voltaire*. I am not sufficiently conversant with, or sufficiently interested in, the details of the life of that most puissant and eminent of deicides, to tell you when or how it received its name.

The noble mistress had thrown open every part to the public, and the result proves how perfectly she understood all the advantages this would bring to her poor countrymen. It was entirely her own project, and never was one more successful. The crowd was unprecedented: at half-past one, when we succeeded in getting away, numbers of people were still coming. At one time we were told the *file* extended to the *Pont Neuf*. Two thousand tickets were sold. I have not yet heard the amount of the gains, but they must be considerable.

I do not attempt to describe the company, because such companies are indescribable from their sameness. The usual mass, composed of ill-bred English and minauding Frenchwomen, with suitable companions of the male sex, or of the still greater number laudably remarkable for nothing: this mass, dotted with the few charming and distinguished faces that remind one with pride of England, or claim one's admiration for other lands: among the distinguished, the most distinguished, of course, the noble head of Prince Czartoriski, which even without his illustrious birth, or more illustrious misfortunes, would always, and in all companies, predominate by its antique dignity, tempered with Christian benignity. This was as it should be. Poland could wish for no other type or representative.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE. THE CIVIL STATE.

The Civil State includes every one of the laity who does not belong to the military or maritime state. But there are some of the military, such as the sentinels on duty at the Park, who were in a very civil state, when asked a civil question.

The Civil State consists of the nobility and commonalty, the former of which resembles, in some respects, "ginger beer from the fountain," the Sovereign being the fountain from which alone it is possible to draw nobility.

The Sovereign may invent any titles he pleases; but those now in use are Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, and Barons.

Let us now examine the privileges of nobility, the first of which is the right of being tried by one's peers—the last case being that of Westminster Bridge, which when tried by its peers was sentenced to have its head entirely removed—and was so far disgraced as to be brought down to a lower level.

A peer or peeress cannot be arrested in civil cases. Peers always give a verdict upon their honour; and there is something, therefore, very aristocratic in the term, "Pon honour!" which is, probably, the reason why dandy footmen and shop-boys "out for the day," generally make use of it. A peer cannot be deprived of his nobility except by death or by attainder; though, in the reign of Edward the Fourth, George Neville, Duke of Bedford, was reduced to such a seedy state, that he was degraded on account of his poverty. It is probable that he attended Parliament in a cotton velvet robe, and a squirrel cape instead of real ermine; while, instead of the ducal coronet,—irredeemably pledged, and the ticket out of date—he sported a sort of theatrical property, made of tinfoil and mother-of-pearl, cutting in every respect such a very shabby figure that the peers, amid loud cries of "Turn him out," got unceremoniously rid of him. The Act of Parliament by which it was accomplished was termed an "Act for Cutting the Tin Kettle, from the tail of George Neville, Duke of Bedford." It is said that, if a Baron wastes his estate, the King may degrade him; but some Barons are in the habit of degrading themselves, by wasting their estates, without any interference of the Sovereign.

The first dignity beneath that of a Peer was a *vidames*, a title so old, that antiquarians quarrel greatly as to what a *vidames* was; though they agree pretty well in believing that such a thing as a rudeness never existed. The first personal dignity after the nobility is consequently now settled to be that of a Knight of the Garter, instituted by Edward the Third to preserve tidiness in the stockings of the aristocracy—a point that has been beautifully kept in view by Shakespeare, who makes Hamlet wear his stockings about his heels until he visits England, where it is supposed he has been invested with the Garter, and he consequently always appears in the last act with his silk hose properly adjusted.

Next comes a Knight Banneret, or a knight made by the Sovereign in person on the field of battle; so that if a civil war should break out in London, her Majesty might rush into Lincoln's Inn-fields and manufacture knights bannerets. After these come the Baronets, an order instituted by James the First to raise money to meet a bill for the reduction of Ulster. Next follow the Knights of the Bath, instituted by Henry the Fourth, and so called from the ceremony of taking a bath the night before their creation. This fact about the bath is given on the authority of a case in Shower.

William the Fourth instituted a Guelphic order, and a few knights were installed; but the instalments not being regularly kept up, the order expired.

Patrick is the name of an Irish order; but St. Patrick's day—particularly on the morning—is more associated with the idea of disorder than order; at least, it is generally considered so.

The lowest order of knighthood is that of the Knights Bachelors, the first of whom was Alfred's son, Athelstan, who must have been a single young man; and his wretched fate proves that he was ultimately "taken in and done for."

"These," says Coke, "are all the names of dignity;" but Sir Edward confounds together Esquires and Gentlemen, leaving the subject confoundedly obscure, according to the usual customs of the quaint old jurist. It has been said that any one who wore coat armour was an Esquire: in which case supernumeraries at Drury-lane, clothed as they are in black tin dish-covers, must be considered Esquires while engaged in the performance of Richard the Third but no longer. Camden, who was himself a herald, and blew the trumpet vigorously for any one who paid him, makes four degrees of Esquires. First, the eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons, in successional crops, like broad beans or radishes. Second, the eldest sons of peers, and their eldest sons in like succession; so that Baron Nathan's youngest son's eldest boy's firstborn male infant would be an Esquire, supposing the Barony of Nathan to be acknowledged as a branch of the tree of English aristocracy. Third, Esquires created, like Baker's mangles, by patent. Fourth, Esquires who are so called from holding a place of trust under the crown; but it is not decided whether the waiter at the Crown and Anchor comes under this head, as holding a place

of trust under the Crown, the words "and Anchor" being rejected as surplusage.

As for Gentlemen, says Sir Thomas Smith, they who can live idly, and bear the port and charge of a gentleman—that is to say, can pay what is charged for port, and sit idly over it—shall be taken for a Gentleman. A Yeoman is one who hath land that brings him in forty shillings a year; but *semble* that a crossing, the sweeping of which produces forty shillings a year, does not constitute the sweeper a Yeoman.

The rest of the community are tradesmen, artificers, and labourers, who must all be styled, in legal proceedings, by their estate or mystery; but the estates of most of them would be a mystery indeed to any one attempting to describe them.

Such is the Civil State, which we have stated as civilly as circumstances will admit of.

TRAVEL AND TALK.

NEAPOLITAN TROOPS—HABITS OF THE POPULACE.

The Neapolitan troops are, without exception, the most splendid set of men I have ever seen. None but our very picked regiments could compete with them in personal appearance; they seem so well disciplined, and have so thoroughly martial an aspect, that I cannot believe but that they would fight well were they well commanded. The sarcasm of Murat is witty enough, but never could be applicable—"Now, my comrades, forget that you are Neapolitans." In fact, nations are by nature much more nearly on a par in personal courage than is generally supposed; and the same men will at one time show the grossest cowardice, and at another the highest courage, according to their discipline, their confidence in their leaders, and the nature of the quarrel in which they are engaged. Who would suppose, when he sees a mob of thirty or forty thousand English dispersed by a handful of dragoons—who would believe the very same individuals capable of the most heroic courage and fidelity to their leaders? In the War of Independence, the Spanish troops behaved most wretchedly; in their own recent civil wars, they have shown the highest valour on both sides.

The youths of the lower classes here have almost universally a candid, ingenuous, open look, which every one admires, but which is by no means the stamp of the genuine qualities it would seem to indicate. Never was there a town in which the old adage of "*fronti nulla fides*," requires to be more generally borne in mind. The habit of giving way to every impulse, good or bad, without the slightest restraint, seems to be universal. Many of the impulses of the young, even when uneducated, are warm and generous; the countenance, on which the strong lines are not yet written, still retains the look of honesty, and has not assumed the fraudulent and cunning expression, which it will be sure to acquire at five and twenty. The mutability, or rather flexibility, of the features among the young, gives great interest to the countenance with those who do not see them under the immediate influence of bad passions; and as the lower classes only come in contact with you under circumstances which make them desirous of pleasing, and cultivating your favour, you, as a matter of course, generally see them in the most favourable aspect. Among the young Neapolitans, there is a laughing, Irish expression of ungovernable hilarity, which is very captivating. Before the age of thirty, however, the devil has written his name on the forehead, in characters so distinctly legible, that the dullest cannot be deceived. You look at them, and expect to find them liars and thieves, and most profligately debauched—and you will certainly not be disappointed. You will find them meanly subservient and crouching to their superiors; cowardly, vindictive, and treacherous with their equals. I give now, not the results of my own short experience, but the judgment of those who have known them long, and whose opportunities have been ample; and I form my own corroboration of the opinion from this source, and from the records of their courts of justice.

I have spoken of the readiness with which they give way to every impulse: the following is a fair sample. I was returning from a walk on the road to Puzzuoli—a road cut on a ledge on the high rocks of Pausilippo, which rise on the right hand of the bay as you stand with your back to the town: a low wall on the left defends the passengers from the precipitous descent to the sea. On the side of the road, backing up against the rock, was a row of cottages inhabited by the labouring class—but as no one uses his house for any purpose but to sleep in, all these people sat out of doors, occupied with their various work: wool-picking, spinning, mat-making, shoe-mending, cooking, straw-plaiting, rope-twisting, sawing wood, and an hundred other occupations, were all carrying on at the same time; so that, like a glass bee-hive, the whole economy of society was visible at a glance. An old woman sat at the door of her house spinning, and opposite to her, against the low wall, was a sturdy wench of five and twenty occupied in picking wool. Now be it known to you that every one at Naples, quite as a matter of course, whatever may be the nature of his employment, suspends his work mechanically and instinctively at the approach of a person decently dressed, and holds out his hand for alms. This is universal. I have sometimes said, "Oh shame, shame—you disgrace your country!" The response, if translated into our English Doric, would be "Country be hanged! shame to yourself!"

The old woman held out her trembling hand with such difficulty, and asked for "Limosina, Signor," in so plaintive a tone, that although tolerably case-hardened to these appeals, I could not resist on this occasion, and gave her about fourpence in the copper coin of the country. Whether it was the magnitude of the donation, or jealousy of the old woman's superior attractions, my damsel on the other side, whose more urgent solicitations I had previously rejected, became at once indignant at my partiality. She began by murmuring her discontent—gradually got louder and louder—till like a lion lashing himself into fury with his tail, her own words seemed to act on her like a war trumpet—her face became convulsed with rage—she jumped across the road at a bound, seized the old woman and dashed her down on the ground with the apparent determination to beat her brains out. I, who had been amused at the woman's self-excited rage, and was leaning over the low wall pretending to be interested in the sea, was far from expecting the catastrophe—but as there were many of the half naked lazzaroni standing about, concluded that some of them would interfere to prevent mischief. In this I was not mistaken—the woman had scarcely got her opponent on the ground, when a great monster of a Hercules stepped forward, seized one of the women in each hand, threw the assailant fairly across the road and very nearly over the precipice, but at the same moment cast the poor unoffending old woman an equal distance in an opposite direction, and then stalked majestically away—like a mastiff who has settled a quarrel between a couple of spaniels—apparently with entire confidence that there was no danger of a renewal of the affray. The younger woman, who had been rather stunned by the violence with which she had been thrown against the wall, just shook her clothes, resumed her seat and her wool-picking with the most perfect composure, and with a countenance

as placid as if nothing had occurred, bawled across the road to the old woman, and in a perfectly amicable tone "hoped she was not hurt."

Here is another specimen of Neapolitan manners:—I this morning walked down to the port, to consult the commander of the French packet. The boatmen were also deeply engaged listening to an improvisatore, who was spinning a long yarn of a fairy tale, on the Molo-Grande, that I found only one actually in his boat ready for service, and he was fast asleep in the sun. I stirred him up with my cane, and desired to know how much he would demand for taking me on board, waiting half an hour, and bringing me back again.

"Whatever you please, 'Celenza.'"

"But I must know the sum beforehand."

"Whatever your excellency thinks proper to bestow," said he.

"But my excellency," said I, "does not choose to go without a bargain."

"It is impossible to make a bargain with a gentleman like your excellency. I shall be satisfied with anything."

"Very well," said I; "then I shall give you a grano," a small copper coin.

"Ebbene, Signor," rejoined he, grinning from ear to ear, and showing a set of teeth that would tempt a dentist to get him assassinated. "If it consists with your excellency's dignity to pay me in that manner, I, for my part, shall be satisfied with the honour of carrying you."

Of course, after such a reply, you are at his mercy. These fellows laugh in your face with such an air of merry good humour, that if you have ever so much reason to be angry, it is impossible to retain a stern expression of countenance.

POMPEII.

Having hired horses for two days, we set off to visit Herculaneum, and Pompeii. Accident delaying us on the road, we determined to give up the first object, and reserve it to another occasion, and hastened on to the second, at which we arrived at the distance of about fifteen miles.

The buried city of my imagination was a much more magnificent place than that which presented itself to my eyes. We turn out of the high road to the left, and through a common gate enter the street of tombs, forming the original principal entrance to the town. On each side are the monuments to the dead, and in wonderful preservation. Some one remarks, that Herculaneum and Pompeii have been "potted for the use of antiquarians"—the expression is happily chosen to signify the complete preservation of these remains of antiquity, by the deep bed of ashes in which they have been enveloped for eighteen centuries. Some of the marble tombs are nearly as perfect as when executed, and a beautiful winged sphinx—a combination of the woman and the panther—was as white and as complete as when turned out of the hands of the sculptor. The exquisite grace of this figure far surpassed any similar work of art I have seen. It was another proof (if proof were needed) that man invents nothing beautiful in form, he can only combine the qualities and shapes of various natural objects to make a new one. Every fantastic form of man's imagination is a reminiscence of flower, fruit, leaf, part of a living creature, or some object which exists in nature; and if he diverges from these, he no longer pleases.

I was disappointed in the magnitude of the buildings, which are all of very humble dimensions. The height of very few can have been more than thirty or forty feet, and the great majority much lower, so that they are not so lofty as the houses in one of the humbler streets of London. The first impression is certainly that of disappointment. I remember having looked with longing eyes on the engravings in Sir William Gill's celebrated work, in which he has rarely introduced a human figure to form a measure of altitude. In looking at those representations of the temples and mansions, I used to fancy myself walking therein and casting my eyes up to the lofty ceiling. Alas! the reality takes down this estimate sadly,—with a moderate walking stick one might have reached the ceiling of almost any room in Pompeii, and the very best of them would cut but a poor figure in presence of the drawing-rooms of Harley Street or Portland Place.

On observing the extremely petty proportions of the houses of the citizens in general, it would seem that they could have been used only to eat and sleep in, and the main portion of the time of the inhabitants must have been passed in the forum or public buildings. With the exception of a few of the houses of what may be termed the nobility, they are not so large as the little cottages in the suburban streets of London, which let at £15 or £20 a-year. Each house has generally a garden; I measured several—they were from 12 to 20 feet square, and in the veriest cockney style of the Shepherd and Shepherdess Fields in the City Road. There was generally a little arbour lined with little cockle shells, and little bits of spar; a little fountain, which would pass through a goose-quill, running down little steps into a little pond; a little walk round it; a little bench round the outside; a few attempts at coarse mosaic on the walls, and a border, a foot or eighteen inches wide, for flowers and trees; and all this in the space of a small room. The light must have been very intense to permit anything to grow in so confined a space.

As we passed on, numerous frescoes on the walls in the better kinds of houses, although dilapidated and mutilated by exposure to the air, as well as by the accidents necessarily taking place during the progress of the excavations, indicated a proficiency in the art of painting which I was not prepared to expect. In spite of the numerous views which had come under my notice, I could not divest myself of the idea that the author had in some measure falsified his representations, and a vague belief possessed me, that if I should ever see them, they would turn out something like the Egyptian monstrosities. What was my surprise, then, to see a style of painting as high in art as anything that can be accomplished in the present day; the drawing, colouring, and composition such as would do no discredit to our best artists!

The numerous guides appointed by the government accompanied us very closely, to prevent the exercise of the common curiosity possessed by those whose eyes are at the ends of their fingers, and who require the combination of two senses to enable them to examine any thing. One of these guides asked me if I wished to see the things—"che non si mostrano alle donne,"—and pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to a man who was following for that purpose. Stopping a little behind the party, which comprised several ladies, I was shown a variety of paintings of the most voluptuous description, each enclosed by doors forming a sort of shallow cupboard against the walls—unless thus covered one could not accompany ladies round the ruins. I had heard much of these things, and found that they had been grossly exaggerated in the description. Were London to be suddenly buried in the same manner, and discovered before existing pictures were destroyed, I doubt if it would not furnish much more numerous and more unseemly examples of depraved taste in proportion to its size. It would be curious to examine the private receptacles of men like George the Fourth, the late Marquis of Hertford, and thousands of similar voluptuaries.

One magnificent mosaic, representing a battle, forms the floor of a bath. In colouring, drawing, and expression, it could not be exceeded by a painting of Rubens. It is of great size; the recess in which it lies is surrounded by a

railing, and you are not permitted to descend. Sir Robert Stopford has a very fine copy of it.

Our dinner was spread in the house of Panza, but none of the party were inclined to indulge in poetical imaginings—most of them seemed to visit the place for the purpose of enabling them to say that they had been there—and as soon as dinner was over I left them and took a short ramble alone, or at least with my guide only. Gradually my mind assumed the tone of feeling in which alone it is proper to visit a place like this—the banter and badinage of society are rather out of harmony with antiquarian researches. Being now no longer interrupted by the chat of fashion, I was enabled to make to myself an image of the mode of life of the ancient inhabitants of this strange city, of which only about an eighth part has yet been excavated. When once I had laid down the reins on the neck of imagination, and began to recollect all that I had formerly read on the subject, the scene excited a powerful interest; the well-worn ruts in the street—the marks of the wheels on the edge of the highly raised side paths—the stepping stones to enable you to cross from side to side, so placed as to pass between the track of the horse and the wheels, and an hundred little traces of human existence—but above all the “Beware the dog” (Cave canem) on the wall at the bottom of a gateway, so as to be seen from the street, gave a vivid vitality to the scene which was quite startling. The river Sarno in a stone canal runs under the whole of the town, where it has pursued its noiseless course, utterly forgotten and unknown by the whole human race for so many centuries. To feel Pompeii one must walk through its deserted streets alone—when the silence of desolation makes itself perceived in all its intensity. How much of interest, how many strange histories lie buried beneath the yet unexplored soil of this great city, of which so small a portion has been opened to the curious! As I traversed the upper ground still undisturbed, bearing its yearly fruits, and cultivated by peasants ignorant and regardless of the wonders beneath their feet, my mind swelled with conceptions of the thousand secret things that will be brought to light on this spot, when I myself shall be changed into senseless earth like that I tread upon.

A single gigantic aloe in blossom, on a mound of ashes above the buried city—stands—the chronometer of nature, and marks another century of oblivion since the awful doom.

The oblivious fate of Pompeii can never be the lot of any of our present towns, because the invention of printing must for ever preserve its records.

CARACCIOLI—NELSON—LADY HAMILTON—BUONAPARTE.

In looking at the Castello d'Ovo, and calling to mind the events connected with it, one cannot but feel a blush of shame at the prostitution of English character of which it was the scene.

So entirely is the public mind engrossed in the present day with the feelings and the interests of the moment—so rapid the progress of transition, so general the oblivion of even recent history, and so absolute the devotion to the selfish present, to the exclusion of all consideration of the vast stores of knowledge laid by for our use by our ancestors, that in every department, except positive science, one may put forth the sentiments of a writer of the last century as our own, with scarcely the risk of detection. This is still more universally true with respect to such portions of history as either hurt our prejudices, or humiliate our national feelings. We have not yet perhaps acquired the perfection of remembering only what is glorious, and discarding from the mind all recollection of reverses, but we are going rapidly towards that happy result. We speak for example of the glories of Nelson, but no one mentions the atrocious act of which this lovely bay was the scene—an act so intensely wicked and cruel as to throw a bloody stain on his laurels, and which ought to be held in everlasting odium as a warning to all future conquerors. Glorious deeds of arms cannot conceal deeds of wanton cruelty, and in the interests of humanity, we should perpetuate indignation and scorn, to deter from a repetition of such atrocities.

The venerable Caraccioli, who had taken up arms against his government merely to guide and control a popular movement, and from motives of patriotism the most exalted, surrendered to the British forces under a solemn capitulation, wherein the faith of our nation pledged to him and his followers entire impunity, with liberty to go to whatever part of the world he might select. Lord Nelson not only broke the treaty in the most shameless manner at the instigation of his paramour, but hurried on a mock trial and execution with a brutal defiance of humanity and decency which has no parallel but one—the assassination of the Duke of Enghien.

Caraccioli was seized at nine o'clock in the morning—tried at ten o'clock without being allowed any time to prepare his defence—condemned at twelve, and hanged at five—in defiance of all forms of judicial proceeding—tried on board an English ship, by Neapolitan officers, and hanged on board one of his own nation, the *Minerva* frigate.

In vain did he petition for a new trial, and offer to show that the president of the commission which had condemned him was his bitter personal enemy—to prove that he had only taken up arms on compulsion. Finding Lord Nelson inflexible, he entreated that he might be spared the disgrace of hanging, and die the death of a soldier—nothing could bend the stern malignancy of the admiral and his paramour. When even he humiliated himself to ask for mercy at the hands of the woman who was then urging her infatuated keeper to disgrace himself and his nation, she would not be seen, and only showed herself shamelessly at his execution. To the entreaties of Lieutenant Parkinson, Lord Nelson only replied, “Go and do your duty, Sir,”—and thus was this atrocious assassination perpetrated—this stigma on the British name!

Had it been the lot of Nelson, as of Buonaparte, to descend from his throne of victory, how different would have been the estimate of his character! In strict justice both these men ought to have been put to death exactly in the same manner, and under the same circumstances, as their victims.

Lady Hamilton was a foundling. I knew her very well, and might have been more intimate; but there was blood upon her hands, and I loathed her. Yet she was a fascinating coquette; and when I saw her moving with such grace and elegance, speaking with a melody equalled only by that of Mrs. Jordan, I could scarcely believe it to be the same woman I had known a nursemaid in the family of Alderman Boydell. Mrs. Gibson of Tooting, his daughter, the wife of Mr. Gibson, the great army saddler (uncle of the present), was the child entrusted to her care. Lady Hamilton made many attempts to induce her to accept presents, but she with a proper spirit rejected them all. She was a woman of sense and sound judgment, and a thorough gentlewoman; and had the elevation of Lady Hamilton been honourable, would have rejoiced in her society; but she would not permit intercourse with such a woman, nor accept presents from such hands.

If any one wish to investigate the shameful details of this humiliating affair, let him consult the writings of Botta, Sir Edward Foote, Coletta, and Cuoco.

He who has the means of directing even the smallest stream of public indignation to the bad actions of great men, neglects his duty if he does not make

use of his power. With men so avid of glory, no other fear is capable of turning aside their bad resolves, but that of losing the stake they are playing for. London Illuminated Magazine.

APPALLING SITUATION.

The ridge or shelf along which we travelled was fenced in on one side by the mountain, which rose almost perpendicularly thousands of feet above my head; while beneath me, beyond its outer edge, was a sheer precipice, descending to the depth of the valley, from which I had been toiling upwards for two weary hours; while, as if to render the gloomy abyss still more uninviting, the hoarse echoes of a torrent, which was roaring and tumbling among the scattered fragments of rock, that had been storm-riven from the mighty mass above, and hurled into the plain during countless centuries, came to the ear with a dissonance that seemed almost supernatural. The fabled bridge of El Sirat, over which the Moslem is to pass to the paradise, must be, I should imagine, about as ample and convenient a pathway to a spirit, as that proved, which I was now so blindly following, to a traveller in the flesh. As I advanced further along the ridge, the wary animal that I rode, with extraordinary sagacity, made a point d'appui of the rocky wall by which we were built in on our left hand; and, at each step that he took, my knee came in contact with the inequalities of the surface. Thus we proceeded for about four hundred yards, when, as I chanced to cast my eyes into the abyss beside me, the horse suddenly stopped; and, glancing forward to ascertain the cause of his halt, I discovered that the shelf upon which we stood, or rather hung, was at that point absorbed in the outline of the mountain, and that we could not pass further save to instant destruction. I am no craven; but I shall never forget my sensations at that instant, as I sat gazing down into the gulf by which I was surrounded, speechless and motionless, while my horse remained equally passive, and each seemed to have been suddenly stricken into stone. My brain whirled; I could not think, I could not pray: I was utterly powerless, mind and body. Human help there was none, there could be none; and my only consciousness was a conviction that I was wholly in the power of the equally jeopardized animal, whose next movement would, in all probability, hurl me to a horrible and ghastly death! For full two minutes—which to me, in such a position, appeared to have endured for as many hours—we remained upon that dizzy point. The sharp wind whistled past us as if angered by a new impediment, the torrent leaped and roared at the bottom of the gulf, and the mountain gave back its thunder in hollow murmurs. I scarcely felt the one, or heard the other; all my senses were concentrated in vision, as, with dilated eyeballs, I glared downwards into the awful depth that yawned beneath my feet. The veins about my temples beat and throbed tumultuously, and my hands lay clenched together upon the pommel of the saddle, when suddenly the horse, meeting no opposition from his rider (for in the first moment of horror I had suffered the reins to fall upon his neck) turned like a goat upon the narrow ridge, and began, with the utmost caution and precision, to retrace his steps.

GENERAL BERTRAND.

“Death,” says the *Moniteur* “decimates with relentless rigour the remains of the heroic generation of the empire. The tomb of Marshal Drouot D’Erlon is scarcely closed, when the country has to deplore a still more mournful loss. The faithful friend of the emperor, the companion of his labours and long exile, General Bertrand, died on the 31st ult. at Chateaufort, his native town. Bertrand, serving as a national guard, on the 10th of August, 1793, joined a battalion voluntarily marching to the Tuileries to protect the king. He shortly afterwards entered the corps of engineers, rapidly rose to eminence, accompanied the expedition to Egypt, where he fortified several places, deserved the confidence of the General-in-chief Bonaparte, and received almost at the same time the brevets of lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and general of brigade. After the battle of Austerlitz, where General Bertrand covered himself with glory, Napoleon took him as one of his aides-de-camp. He equally distinguished himself at Spandau, at Friedland, but particularly at the construction of the bridges on the Danube, destined to facilitate the passage of the French army advancing on Wagram. That campaign, and the campaign of Russia, placed his talent and courage in so conspicuous a light, that the emperor named him Grand Marshal of the Palace, after the death of Marshal Duroc. His achievements were as glorious at Lutze, Beuten, and Leipsic; and, if he sustained a check at the passage of the Elbe against Blücher, it must be ascribed to the fortune of our arms, which was beginning to waver. It was Bertrand, however, who protected our retreat after the bloody battle of Leipsic, by seizing on Weissenfeld, and the bridge of the Saale. His services were not less important after the battle of Hanau. On those two occasions, and in circumstances which followed the departure of the emperor for Paris, Count Bertrand displayed the greatest activity in saving the remnants of the army, and generally saw his plans and efforts crowned with all the success which it was possible to expect amidst so many disastrous events. On his return to Paris, in 1814, General Bertrand was appointed deputy major-general of the national guard; fought throughout the campaign of France, so astonishing by its successes and reverses; and followed Napoleon to the island of Elba. Having returned with the emperor on the 20th of March, he served him with his wonted devotedness. Subsequently to the fatal day of Waterloo he never quitted him: he accompanied him in his last exile, shared and soothed his misfortunes, and only returned to France when he had received his last breath.

AMUSEMENT OF THE GERMAN TRADESPEOPLE IN ATHENS.

Every morning I went early to the workshop, where, besides the master, four journeymen and five German girls worked. We made up only fine articles, for the most part silken stuffs; for the ladies of Athens dress as splendidly as the Grecian, Armenian, and Frank ladies in Constantinople. In the morning at seven o'clock we had a cup of sweetened coffee with a white roll handed to us in the workshop; at noon we dined in a Bavarian hotel—paid, for three dishes with a bottle of wine—seventy lepta, about fourpence-halfpenny; in the evening we took supper at home; but I did not spend much time in my hired room. On Sunday morning we went to church, took a walk in the afternoon, partook in a coffeehouse, on a country excursion, a glass of wine, of which the bottle cost twenty lepta, or sixteen pennings, about a penny farthing English, and chatted very agreeably the time away. In the evening we went to the “Concordia,” that is, to a select society of German masters there established, their wives and assistants, both young men and young women. The journeymen tailors and other professionals formed themselves into a theatrical company, and one of my comrades was director; and sometimes an individual stepped forward and declaimed something. Occasionally a ball was given; so that side by side with good employment here pleasure and entertainment were not wanting. There were in Athens two other societies of the kind—the “Philadelphia” and the “Frohsinn;” but the “Concordia” alone had its theatre.

Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor.

POSTSCRIPT!

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

*. We have delayed going to press till an unusually late hour, for the express purpose of getting in the latest news from England, including the final result of the Irish State Trials, and other important matters.

The Mail Steamer Caledonia, via Halifax, brings English files to the 5th inst. The principal intelligence contained therein is with regard to the cotton market and the State Trials.

It is much to be regretted that the operatives are frequently in too great a hurry for an advance of wages, upon the first prospect of returning prosperity in trade. In Glasgow they have already begun to turn out, forgetful that the master manufacturers must think a little for themselves, and they also have had to submit to the pressure of circumstances, and suffer losses whilst they endeavoured to sustain the operatives in distressed circumstances. But worse still, when one class of operatives makes a stand, it furnishes a hint for some other; the Tailors, in various places, have adopted a similar course, forgetting that these violent coercive measures most commonly terminate in disaster to themselves.

In Manchester a most destructive fire has occurred; the loss of property is very great.

The misguided men in the agricultural districts are still continuing their incendiary practices; fires are exceedingly frequent in the Eastern counties of England.

Wales has become tolerably tranquil, but the snake is "scotched, not killed," and it will require all the wisdom and firmness of the Commission to prevent a recurrence of past evils.

Cotton maintains a good price, but the rage for purchases has subsided. It has become known now that the cotton crop is not so short as was at first represented, and buyers seem now determined not to purchase more at once than is actually needed for the supply of orders.

It is said that the Duke of Wellington is decidedly opposed to the imprisonment of Mr. O'Connell; believing that the moral effect of a conviction will answer all the ends requisite in the case. In the meantime, however, the government are strengthening their military position in Ireland, so as to be able to preserve tranquillity during the first sensations caused by the verdict against the Traversers.

The activity of the Bostonians, in their endeavours to get the Britannia out of the ice has been the subject of much admiration in Liverpool and London, and has created the most kindly feelings towards the energetic people of Boston.

There is a report that Lord de Grey will shortly be superseded by Lord Wharncliffe in the Vice-royalty of Ireland.

STATE OF IRELAND.—A lengthened debate occurred, on the state of Ireland, which was introduced on the motion of Lord John Russell. It occupied nine days of the Parliamentary session, and was finally defeated by ministers with a large majority. Mr. O'Connell, who had departed for London immediately after the conclusion of his trial, took his place in Parliament and assisted at the debate. In the course of it there was much crimination and recrimination among the speakers, mingled also with historical remarks and references to the trials just ended, but little was elicited on either side as to the ostensible object of consideration. Sir Robert Peel, who considered himself as put upon his defence, made a long and forcible speech, but we have not room at present for details. It is not improbable, however, that the Premier may himself bring forward measures thereon.

We cannot perhaps adopt a better plan for giving a summary view of the merits of the Irish State Trial, than by giving the following from the London Spectator, a paper of well-known independence, and judgment, and from the nature of its politics not likely to lay a heavier hand upon the defendants in the case than they appear to deserve.

The State trial is over at last, and Mr. O'CONNELL and his fellows have been found guilty—the chief upon all sections of the charge, each of the rest upon one or other of those sections. Such, as the lengthened proceedings drew to a close, seemed the inevitable result. The acts alleged were apparent to all the world: before the prosecution, everybody, unbiased by party predilections, had judged the Repealers guilty of some violation of the law, and only wondered when they were to be stopped or called to account; they were called to account, and the Court awaited their defence: to make which, eight of the ablest counsel of the Dublin bar were engaged; the sharpest astuteness of attorneys was indefatigably exerted in their behalf; eloquence—super-Irish eloquence—blazed forth at their bidding; the utmost legal ingenuity was bent to soften down their acts, parry the strict application of the law, show the accused to be philanthropists, patriots, devoted to the welfare of a wronged country: but still there was no defence; the facts were not denied, no witnesses were called to disprove them, the acts and language imputed were notorious, and had been sedulously recorded by the accused themselves. "Litera scripta manet." The quasi-defence consisted mainly of evidence given by counsel, as to character; of pleas that acts as bad had been committed before with impunity; and of special interpretations of the law. As the facts were indisputable, and no attempt was made to question them, the case went to the Jury entirely on its own merits, unincumbered by any question of doubt or credibility; and the array of the evidence, remastered by the Solicitor-General, led as directly to the verdict as the stream of the Niagara to the cataract. It had been surmised that all the Judges would separately charge the Jury, and that some difference of opinion would be manifested; but the Bench was unanimous, and the Chief Justice spoke for all. He enlivened his speech with a few sallies not considered in England very appropriate to a judicial address, and growing obsolete even in Ireland; but these disfigurements were small, and did not touch the essential points. Apart from such defects of style, the charge consisted of nothing but a very plain rehearsal of the most prominent facts, with the judicial

interpretation of the law thereupon; and if it was an instruction to convict, it appears to have been so only because the case itself, thus nakedly stated, led to conviction.

All the startling points which the leading Repealers had employed for dramatic effect in their vocation, and which had appeared to us in England to trench so far upon legal sufferance,—the boasts of personal leadership—the threats of danger from without—the pretences that some slaughterous designs menaced Ireland from England, reviving the apocryphal horrors of Wexford—the attempts to discredit the administration of the law by the regular tribunals,—all rang again in the Judge's charge to the Jury; and Chief Justice Pennefather's reiterated query, "Is this free discussion, or is it intimidation?" extorted a verdict of "guilty" upon each branch of the charge. The Jury pronounced it. Technical "objections" were advanced to the very last, and remain to be decided; a writ of error is threatened: but in the mean time—leaving the losing parties in Dublin to complain, and their partisans in Parliament to rail—we may accept as settled the broad construction of the actual law of Ireland as developed by its authorized expositors.

Waiving the question of the policy of the prosecution—supposing it to have been a necessary choice between alternative evils—we think the retrospect of the conduct of this great trial, as a whole, is creditable to the Government. At the outset there was an appearance of captiousness in the manner of the Attorney-General—a literality of lawyerlike exactness, somewhat derogatory to the dignity of a proceeding on behalf of the State. There does not appear to have been any malignant motive in that professional hardness—it was Mr. Smith's way of doing business; and as the trial advanced it was considerably mitigated. His petulant temper once more displayed itself, to an extreme of impropriety in the highest officer of the law. But the bearing of the Government, considered apart from the idiosyncracies of their officer for the time being, shows blameless. There was no parade of privilege and prerogative; on the contrary, the utmost possible latitude of time, of mode, of personal indulgence and freedom from restraint, was given to the accused. Some recent facts much modify the unfavourable look of the proceeding which excluded Roman Catholics from the Jury. The transitions of that case in its aspect to the public are curious. At first it was said that eleven Catholics, with a "sympathiser," were struck off as Catholics: very soon the "sympathiser" is dropped, and we hear no more of him: a Catholic next drops out of the list, which is suddenly spoken of as *ten*: an affidavit is promised to prove that all of them were not Repealers,—it being implied that several, perhaps all were free from that alliance with the accused: the affidavit is forgotten; the case is closing, and the Solicitor-General remarks upon the omission; it is supplied at the last—long after the rest of the evidence for the defence; and it amounts to the assertion that the attorneys for the accused believe two of the excluded Catholics not to have been actual subscribers to the Repeal Association, or active participants in its deeds. The affidavit does not state that they were not "sympathisers"; its silence respecting the other eight implies that they are active Repealers. Active Repealers are, by the verdict, participants in the conspiracy of which the accused are convicted—all the active members of the Repeal Association, not included in the prosecution, are unarraigned conspirators. Ought any one of these eight, then, to have sat in judgment on the founder and chief of the Association, the arch-conspirator? Ought they not to have been excluded? The charge against the Crown-lawyers has dwindled down to this—in exercising their duty to strike off, "without cause assigned," those whom they chose so to strike off, they struck off, out of ten Roman Catholics, two who are not known to be Repealers. But the gravamen of the charge was, not the exclusion of any one or two individuals—it was the wholesale exclusion: the affidavit, limiting the charge to that particular exclusion, has justified the whole exclusion that took place.

It may be, it is a very untoward circumstance, that Government is embarrassed with the virtual conviction of a host of unarraigned conspirators so numerous as the Repeal Association: the country must be in a miserable state where these sweeping exclusions from the Jury-box occur to be justified; but there is an advantage even in the authoritative exposition of that fact. Hundreds of thousands in Ireland are deliberately, formally, and avowedly banded against the law. That is a "great fact" for English rulers and legislators. If a verdict, with or without the punishment of O'Connell and his comrades, satisfies those statesmen, God help them!

O'Connell's power to sway his countrymen at the dictate of his indiscreet will has probably been impaired. He is made a martyr—but he is defeated: he may enjoy more sympathy, even of a kind that he would rather resent—but he has lost the prestige of uniform success. The self-delusion of years has been harshly confuted. He seems to have acted throughout the Repeal agitation on a misconception of his own success in the Emancipation struggle. In some respects, he went to work even with Catholic Emancipation wrongly; he sought to grasp his object at once, without the intervention of the Legislature. But it so happened that he had with him the matured opinion and spontaneous sympathy of the most intelligent class in England, and his error was lost in the general acclaim. The multitudinous numbers, indeed, were against him, but the whole weight and force of English mind was with him. O'Connell raised a critical interest in Catholic Emancipation; and the legislative class of England, thus incited, carried its already-formed will into effect. Then he succeeded. He tried the process again—grasped at his object more directly and more audaciously, by setting aside the Legislature altogether; defying not the Government but the constitution, and attempting to frighten England. It is not England's weakness to be frightened; so that Mr. O'Connell made two mistakes—he overlooked the necessity of England's concurrence in any great measure, and he took the shortest way to prevent that concurrence. Such the difference in his means—strangely overlooked!—the difference in the result is, that by one path he became a legislator, by the other a convict.

RESTORATION OF OTAHEITE TO QUEEN POMARE.

Times Office, February 27th.

We have received by extraordinary express the Paris papers of yesterday.

The "Moniteur" contains the following:—
"Government have received despatches from the Island of Tahiti, dated 1st and 9th November, 1842.

"Vice-Admiral Dupetit Thouars, who arrived in the Bay of Papeiti on the 1st of November, to carry into execution the treaty of September, 1842, which the King had ratified, and deemed his duty not to adhere to the stipulations of that treaty, but to take possession of the island. Queen Pomare has written to the King to demand the fulfilment of the stipulations of the treaty which assured to her the internal sovereignty of her country, and to pray that she be maintained in her rights. The King, by the advice of his Council, not finding in the circumstances reported sufficient grounds for abandoning the treaty of the 9th of September, 1842, has ordered the execution, pure and simple, of that treaty, and the establishment of the French Protectorate in that island."

On the same evening, in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel, in reply

to Mr. Hindley, said that the Government had not received any official information upon the subject, but that he had no doubt the information was correct.

M. Guizot after repelling the charge of yielding to foreign influence, described the position of France with regard to Otaheite, and explained that the conduct of the Admiral was injudicious, and that he had no difficulty to encounter which a little moderation and wisdom would have achieved. Queen Pomare did not resist the execution of the treaty, and no obstacles had been interposed by the English, although it was true that the missionaries of England had urged the Queen and Chiefs to elude the execution of the Treaty, but that was before they understood the works of their own government, which was not opposed to the establishment of the French in the Society Islands. The Admiral had a right to insist upon the execution of the treaty by the Queen, but was not justified in taking forcible possession of her dominions; the Government, therefore, did not hesitate to disavow his acts—there was nothing in the instructions given to the Admiral or M. Braat, that justified or contemplated the military occupation of the Society Islands, he said emphatically that no plea of necessity, or justice, could be mooted to justify that act. M. Guizot then entered into the charge of having yielded to the injunctions of England. The resolution of the Cabinet had been spontaneous, and before entering upon any communication with Great Britain, and he officially, positively, and completely denied all assertion to the contrary. He was proud to have re-established the good understanding with England, but it had been done at no sacrifice of principle; he had not been guilty of weakness, or subscribed to a concession to secure her good will.

Lord De Grey and Sir E. Sugden—There has been serious misunderstanding between the Lord Lieutenant and the Lord Chancellor. The cause assigned has reference to a fashionable party at the residence of the Chancellor. The Lord Chancellor or his family did not attend the late drawing room at the castle.

The organization of pensioners in Ireland is rapidly proceeding. More than 8000 are already enrolled.

Mr. Rawson, from Canada, had an interview with Lord Stanley at the Colonial Office.

Despatches were received by the Britannia at the Colonial Office, from Sir Charles Metcalfe, and from the Governors of the other North American colonies.

The company of Sappers and Miners stationed at Dublin has been employed during the week in constructing *chevaux de frise* for the protection of the castle.

STATE TRIALS.—"A letter from Clifden, Galway, states, that 'when the verdict against O'Connell was known, the two Government steamers in the bay fired five rounds each'"

THE LORD-LIEUTENANT.—The report has again obtained currency and belief that Lord de Grey has given in his resignation as Lord-Lieutenant, and that it has been accepted by the Government. The latest London papers state that the report is true, and that his successor will be Lord Wharncliffe, who will have an earldom. Lord Eliot is to remain as Chief Secretary; but Mr. Lucas, the Under Secretary, who has never worked cordially with Lord Eliot, is to go out with Lord de Grey, and will, it is said, be succeeded by Mr. Pennefather, the chief clerk in the secretary's office. Mr. Pennefather, although the brother-in-law of Lord Glengall, appears to be almost as obnoxious to the Orange party, as Lord Eliot himself.

THE REPEAL PRESS IN DUBLIN.—One of the effects of the late exposition of the law of conspiracy by the Attorney-General for Ireland, and which has been confirmed by the finding of the jury, has been, that the proprietors of the Dublin Repeal papers have formally sent in their resignations as members of the Repeal Association. This will be joyful intelligence to the proprietors of provincial papers of similar politics, most of which were literally swamped in their circulation by the gratuitous distribution through the country of the Weekly Freeman, Nation, and Pilot. One of the oldest radical journals in Ireland, the Waterford Chronicle, actually sank under the pressure, and in a vain struggle against the principle of "free trade" in newspapers, gave up the ghost after an existence of 50 years.

OBITUARY.—DEATH OF MAJOR POTTINGER.—The India papers announce the death of Major Eldred Pottinger, C.B., on the 5th of November. *The Friend of China* justly remarks:—"It is needless to pass and eulogy upon the merits of the hero, his name will be enrolled by posterity among those who, by their bravery, have served their country in emergencies which would have appalled less noble minds."

On the 15th ult., Lord Glentworth, after a long and painful illness, in London.

Another veteran officer, whose name has been frequently identified with our naval triumphs, Vice-Admiral A. S. Dickson, has ceased to exist.

On the 15th ultimo, Marshal Soult asked the Chamber of Deputies for an extraordinary credit of £300,000, to support 15,000 additional men for Algeria. It is stated that the Council of Ministers have refused to undertake a national system of railroads; at the same time they are willing that the line from Paris and Lyons should be executed at the public cost, leaving the branches from Calais to Boulogne to the two companies. The latter, it is thought, will be adopted for the concentration of the branch line. Queen Christina has left Paris for Madrid.

Drafts from the 81st, 82d, and 93d Highlanders are under orders for Canada.

Woolwich, March 1.—A detachment of fourteen intelligent non-commissioned officers and privates, of the Royal Sappers and Miners, are under orders to embark in the next Royal mail steamer for Halifax, N. S., to join and assist a party already employed in determining the boundary line between New Brunswick and the United States.

Capt. Strange, 13th Light Dragoons, who escaped from the Military Lunatic Asylum, Chatham, has been discovered, in custody, at the town of Sandbach, in Cheshire, a distance of 160 miles from London.

Several regiments have received orders to be ready to embark at a moment's notice for Ireland. Arrangements have been made with the railway for the immediate conveyance of troops, should it be found necessary.

Letters from St. Petersburg, of the 30th January, announce the promulgation of an ukase, declaring that the Roman Catholic clergy of the Western provinces of the empire should be paid by the State. They are to be divided into five classes: the pastors included in the first class are to receive £100 per annum, and those of the last class £37.

Letters from Posen, of the 4th instant, say, "Orders have been received here for all Polish emigrants, who took part in the revolution, and most of whom have come to us from France, to quit Prussia within a fortnight. In this order it is positively declared that no positions for a mitigation of the measure will be attended to. It is said that the Poles have been detected in communication with Russian deserters."

The Honourable Spencer Cowper has lately given his sisters, Lady Ashley and Lady Jocelyn, £28,000 each.

The subscription in aid of the National Education Society now amounts to upwards of £140,200.

Earl Grey still continues in a very precarious state.

The quantity of bullion now in the vaults of the Bank of England amounts to nearly £16,000,000 sterling, a larger sum than has been so locked up for many years.

It is reported in Dublin, that meetings of the Committee of the Repeal Association have been held to deliberate on the policy of dissolving the Association and reorganizing it under another name.

SCOTCH PRISONS.—The Lord Advocate introduced into the House of Commons, on Thursday, a bill to amend the law relating to prisons and prison discipline in Scotland. The act passed in 1839 had effected a great improvement; but it still left imperfections. One principal complaint was, that the burden of expense is unfairly distributed at present, having been framed on an old census; and the bill would authorize a readjustment based on the last census. Leave was given to bring in the bill.

REPEAL.—On Monday, Mr. O'Connell presented petitions for Repeal of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, from Dublin Corporation and various parts of Ireland, from various parts of England, Glasgow, and Nova Scotia—in all, 196 in number, and bearing 397,864 signatures.

SEIZURE OF TAHITI.—In reply to Mr. Hindley, on Tuesday, Sir Robert Peel expressed his belief that the published accounts, and the official announcement in the "Monitor" that the French Government had disavowed the seizure of Tahiti, were correct: he had anticipated that the French Government would spontaneously take a proper course.

Rome.—Rumors prevail that the disturbances in the Papal States are to be renewed; and a letter from Ancona, of 6th February, mentions a startling occurrence:—

"An event took place here yesterday which has caused the greatest alarm. As Judge Alessandrini, of the Extraordinary Commission appointed to try the political prisoners, was passing down the street, escorted by two gendarmes, a man wearing a mask rushed on him and plunged a dagger into his back. The crowd opened its ranks to the assassin, who mingled with the other masks that filled the public way, and escaped. M. Alessandrini is not dead, but no hopes are entertained of saving his life. The police have not as yet discovered the murderer. The amusements of the Carnival have in consequence been suddenly brought to a close."

The *Siecle* states that Dr. Junod of Paris has invented a new medical treatment, which he terms hemospasic, applicable to various diseases. This method consists in the employment of a pneumatic apparatus of a peculiar construction, in which the arm or leg is so placed as to attract the blood to the extremities without diminishing the mass of that fluid. The apparatus, which has been for some time in use both among the public and in the hospitals of Paris, has obtained the approbation of the most eminent French physicians. It gained for its author the Montyon prize, together with the congratulations and thanks of the Council-General of the Hospitals of Paris.

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to permit the Sixty-second Regiment to bear upon its second or regimental colour, and likewise upon its appointments, in addition to any distinctions heretofore granted, the word "Nive," in commemoration of the gallant conduct of the Regiment in the operations connected with the passage of the Nive, on the 20th of December, 1813.

The Oregon Territory.—Her Majesty's Government, desirous of prosecuting with expedition the survey of the disputed territory between the United States and the colonial possessions of her Majesty in North America, has issued orders for the immediate employment of an additional force of non-commissioned officers and men belonging to the Royal Sappers and Miners upon this important duty, under the Boundary Commissioner, Colonel Estcourt. This detachment, which has been selected from the companies of that corps employed on similar services in England, on account of their experience and knowledge of the peculiar duties required of them, arrived at Woolwich, from different places in England, on the 1st inst., and are now in hourly expectation of proceeding to Liverpool, where they are to embark for America, and, on landing there, will be sent to the Oregon Territory, to join those already employed on that service. The boundary survey party will now consist of about twenty non-commissioned officers and privates of the Royal Sappers and Miners, with Captain Broughton and two other officers of the Royal Engineers, under Colonel Estcourt, the Commissioner.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN MANCHESTER.

The most extensive and destructive conflagration with which Manchester has been visited for many years past, took place on Saturday. The flames were first discovered about six o'clock, a.m., in the basement story of Mr. William Bryan's warehouse, No. 9, George-street. The alarm was immediately given, and in a very short space of time four engines were in play, but the terrific appearance of the flames deterred the crowd from volunteering, as usual, to work the engines. It was therefore necessary to procure soldiers from the barracks to perform this duty. There was a fresh breeze, W. by S., which carried the flames towards York-street, and the whole of the great pile or block of buildings in which the fire originated was speedily enveloped in flames. The rapidity of the conflagration was the result of the construction of these warehouses, which were built only a few years ago. All the outer walls, and, indeed, most of the walls of the various floors, were lined inside with wood. The whole of this pile was entirely destroyed. It was about 60 yards in length, by 40 yards in width; was of uniform height, comprising seven stories above the ground, and a basement story. In York-street, at the opposite corner of Pine street, is the warehouse of Messrs. Francis Makin and Co., silk manufacturers; this was on fire, and has sustained some damage, but by the exertions of the firemen, the flames were extinguished, and most of the goods were got out. The next warehouse to it, that of Messrs. Joshua Le Mare and Sons, silk manufacturers, was also partially damaged, and the goods were all removed, as the danger was at one time considerable. At the back of the block, in Pine-street, was the warehouse of Messrs. Amschel, Tobler, and Co., merchants. This, we believe, is almost wholly destroyed, as, indeed, are all the warehouses in the same block. On the opposite side of George-street, opposite the warehouse of Mr. Charles Townend, is a warehouse at present unoccupied, but recently taken by Messrs. Wright and Lee, and in which the joiners were at work; but we believe it contained no stock. At the lowest computation, including both the buildings and the stocks which have been consumed, there cannot be a less amount of property destroyed than to the extent of 100,000*l.* Indeed, we fear this sum will be very much under the amount, for we have heard of three or four firms who are said to be insured to nearly that amount. How the fire originated we have not been able to ascertain.

MONTES, THE SPANISH BULL FIGHTER.

Montes is a native of Chiciana, near Cadiz. He is a man of forty to forty-five years of age, a little above the middle height, of grave aspect and deportment, deliberate in his movements, and of a pale olive complexion. There is nothing remarkable about him, except the quickness and mobility of his eyes. He appears more supple and active than robust, and owes his success as a bull-fighter to his coolness, correct eye, and knowledge of the art, rather than to any muscular strength. As soon as Montes sees a bull, he can judge the character of the beast; whether its attack will be straightforward or accompanied by stratagem; whether it is slow or rapid in its motions; whether its sight is good or otherwise. Thanks to this sort of intuitive perception, he is always ready with an appropriate mode of defence. Nevertheless, as he pushes his temerity to fool-hardiness, he has often been wounded in the course of his career; to one of which accidents a scar upon his cheek bears testimony. Several times he has been carried out of the circus grievously hurt.

The day I saw him his costume was of the most elegant and costly description, composed of silk of an apple-green color, magnificently embroidered with silver. He is very rich, and only continues to frequent the bull-ring from taste and love of the excitement, for he has amassed more than fifty thousand dollars; a large sum, if we consider the great expenses which the Matadores are put to in dress, and in travelling from one town to another, accompanied by their cuadrilla, or assistant bull-fighters. One costume often costs fifteen hundred or two thousand francs.

Montes does not content himself, like most matadores, with killing the bull when the signal of his death is given. He superintends and directs the combat, and goes to the assistance of those who are in danger. More than one torero has owed him his life. Once a bull had overturned a horse and rider, and after goring the former in a frightful manner, was making violent efforts to get at the latter, who was sheltered under the body of his steed—Montes seized the ferocious beast by the tail, and turned him round three or four times, amidst the frantic applause of the spectators, thus giving time to extricate the fallen man. Sometimes he plants himself in front of the bull, with crossed arms, and fixes his eyes upon those of the animal, which stops suddenly, subjugated by that keen and steadfast gaze. Then comes the torrent of applause, shouts, vociferations, screams of delight; a sort of delirium seems to seize the fifteen thousand spectators, who stamp and dance upon their benches in a state of the wildest excitement; every handkerchief is waved, every hat thrown into the air; while Montes, the only collected person amongst this mad multitude, enjoys his triumph in silence, and bows slightly, with the air of a man capable of much greater things. For such applause as that I can understand a man's risking his life every minute of the day. It is worth while. Oh! ye golden-throated singers, ye fairy-footed dancers, ye emperors and poets, who flatter yourselves that you have excited popular enthusiasm, you never heard Montes applauded by a crowded circus.

Occasionally it happens that the spectators themselves beg him to perform some of his feats of address. A pretty girl will call out to him, 'Vamos! Señor Montes, vamos, Paquirro' (which is his Christian name); 'you who are so gallant, do something for a lady's sake; una cosita, some trifling matter.' Then Montes puts his foot on the bull's head, and jumps over him; or else shakes his cloak in the animal's face, by a rapid movement envelops himself in it so as to form the most graceful drapery, and then, by a spring on one side, avoids the rush of the irritated brute.

In spite of Montes' popularity, he received on the day on which I saw him rather a rough proof of the impartiality of a Spanish public, and of the extent to which it pushes its love of fair play towards beasts as well as men.

A magnificent black bull was turned into the arena, and from the manner in which he made his entrance, the connoisseurs augured great things of him. He united all the qualities desirable in a fighting bull; his horns were long and sharp; his legs small and nervous, promising great activity; his large dewlap and symmetrical form indicated vast strength. Without a moment's delay he rushed upon the nearest picador, and knocked him over, killing his horse with a blow. He then went to the second, whom he treated in like manner, and whom they had scarcely time to lift over the barrier, and get out of harm's way. In less than a quarter of an hour he had killed seven horses; the chulos, or footmen, were intimidated, and shook their scarlet cloaks at a respectful distance, keeping near the palisades, and jumping over as soon as the bull showed signs of approaching them. Montes himself seemed disconcerted, and had once even placed his foot on the sort of ledge which is nailed to the barriers at the height of two feet from the ground, to assist the bull-fighters in leaping over. The spectators shouted with delight, and paid the bull the most flattering compliments. Presently, a new exploit of the animal raised their enthusiasm to the highest pitch.

The two picadores or horsemen were disabled, but a third appeared, and, lowering the point of his lance, awaited the bull, which attacked him furiously; and, without allowing itself to be turned aside by a thrust in the shoulder, put its head under the horse's belly, with one jerk threw his forefeet on the top of the barrier, and with a second, raising his hind quarter, threw him and his rider fairly over the wall into the corridor or passage, between the first and second barriers.

Such a feat as this was unheard of, and it was rewarded by thunders of 'bravos.' The bull remained master of the field of battle, which he paraded in triumph, amusing himself, for want of better adversaries, with tossing about the carcasses of the dead horses. He had killed them all; the circus-stable was empty. The 'banderilleros' remained sitting astride upon the barriers, not daring to come down and harass the bull with their banderillas or darts. The spectators, impatient at this inaction, shouted out 'Las banderillas! Las banderillas!' and 'Fuego al Alcalde!'—to the fire with the Alcalde; because he did not give the order to attack. At last, on a sign from the governor of the town, a banderillero advanced, planted a couple of darts in the neck of the bull, and ran off as fast as he could, but scarcely quick enough, for his arm was grazed, and the sleeve of his jacket rent by the beast's horn. Then, in spite of the hooting of the spectators, the Alcalde ordered Montes to despatch the bull, although in opposition to the laws of tauromachia, which require the bull to have received four pairs of banderillas before he is left to the sword of the 'matador.'

Montes, instead of advancing as usual into the middle of the arena, placed himself at about twenty paces from the barrier, so as to be nearer a refuge in case of accident; he looked very pale, and without indulging in any of those little bits of display, the sort of coquetry of courage, which have procured him the admiration of all Spain, he unfolded his scarlet muleta and shook it at the bull, who at once rushed at him and almost as instantly fell, as if struck by a thunderbolt. One convulsive bound, and the huge animal was dead. The sword had entered the forehead and pierced the brain, a thrust which is forbidden by the regulations of the bull-ring. The matador ought to pass his arm between the horns of the beast and stab him in the nape of the neck; that being the most dangerous way for the man, and consequently giving the bull a better chance.

Soon as it was ascertained how the bull had been killed, a storm of indig-

nation burst from the spectators; such a hurricane of abuse and hisses as I had never before witnessed. Butcher, assassin, brigand, thief, executioner, were the mildest terms employed. 'To the galleys with Montes! To the fire with Montes! To the dogs with him!' But words were soon not enough. Fans, hats, sticks, fragments torn from the benches, water jars, every available missile, in short, was hurled into the ring. As to Montes, his face was perfectly green with rage, and I noticed that he bit his lips till they bled; although he endeavored to appear unmoved, and remained leaning with an air of affected grace upon his sword, from the point of which he had wiped the blood in the sand of the arena.

So frail a thing is popularity. No one would have thought it possible before that day, that so great a favorite and consummate a bull-fighter as Montes would have been punished thus severely for an infraction of a rule, which was doubtless rendered absolutely necessary by the agility, vigor, and extraordinary fury of the animal with which he had to contend. There was another bull to be killed, but it was Jose Parra, the second matador, who dispatched it, its death passing almost unnoticed in the midst of the tumult and indignation of the spectators. The fight over, Montes got into a calesin with his cuadrilla, and left the town, shaking the dust from his feet, and swearing by all the saints that he would never return to Malaga.

THOUGHTS FROM THE COUNTRY.

WILTON, (near Richmond, Va.) Feb. 29.

Did any body ever hear of a newspaper editor writing for his own amusement, his own occupation, aye, for the want of something else, (or, having nothing else) to do? A winter evening is upon me, in my library here, with a blazing, crackling wood fire on my hearth, and, although it is about country bed-time, (8 o'clock) it is not city bed-time by some four hours yet. Well, then, what am I to do? There is no wife here to chatter with,—no prattle of children, for they are all fast asleep an hour ago—no next door neighbor's bell to pull (the nearest being about two miles off)—no soiree, no ball to attend, no opera to go to. A spring-like wind howls a little through the lofty and leafless catalpas and whistle a little through the chinks and crevices of Virginia windows. The rooms are big. The halls are bigger. Around them all, on antique panelings, are hung the wigged, powdered and ruffled portraits of the tenants of these walls, for some 6 or 7 generations. They look uneasy, as if a stranger were among them. It may be, they are ghosts, spectres, perhaps—certainly something odd. I can't read—for physically wearied as I am from running over, all day long, the fresh turned up furrows, I should forthwith fall asleep in my chair, and have awful slumbers. I must write, then. I write to keep awake. I write to pass time. I write because, with New York habits on me, I can't go to bed at 8 o'clock, as the people, the cows, the calves, the sheep, the pigs, the mules, the horses, and the dogs do about me.

A week ago this evening I was in the capitol of Connecticut, speech-making and note-taking. The axe men of Collinsville, the clock makers of Bristol, the onion men of Weathersfield, were there. Yankee notions and the Yankee nation, were personified in a great popular representation. There was more industry, more ingenuity, more varied mechanical skill, perhaps, gathered there than could be gathered elsewhere the world over. The people talk through their noses it is true: that is bad. They are accused of selling wooden hams and wooden nutmegs, as well as wooden combs and wooden clocks, which, if true, would be very bad. But no matter. I started with the intent to say, that in a single week, resting three days of it in New York, too, here I am on James River in Virginia, and (since Tuesday evening) among a people about as different from the men whom I met in that Capitol as if I had flown into Silsia or Lombardy,—who buy axes from Collinsville, clocks from Bristol, and onions, I dare say, from Weathersfield. Sure I am, a Bristol clock is ticking in my ears and reeling off the time, and a Collinsville axe chopped the wood I am burning. I finished up a hard week's work in a printing manufactory at home, stepped down late one afternoon to the Jersey City Ferry, was whizzed through Jersey in the evening, whirled about strangely in the cavern at Bordentown, from head to foot, or foot to head, I hardly know how it is done,—dumped on to a Delaware Ferry boat, and provided with a good bed in the City, so called, of Brotherly Love, probably because its engine men and the black and white races there fight so.

Eight hours more the next day, brought me to Baltimore, and at 4 o'clock, P. M., I was in the good steamboat Georgia, Captain Coffee, going down the Patapsco, on my way to the Chesapeake, and via Norfolk, to the magnificent river I am on in Virginia.

Down the Chesapeake, we go. Old Point Comfort and the Rip Raps loom up a little as the day breaks.

The big ship Pennsylvania in the harbor of Norfolk yet, a splendid toy, is passed. The Marine Hospital towers up grandly with its broad white front. We pass over to Portsmouth. Our Southern bound passengers are whizzed off, and anon we, who are for the James River, are put alongside the Patrick Henry, bound for Richmond. We retrace our steps. We go through the Roads again. We enter the broad-mouthed, sea-like James, from one of the most spacious harbors in the world. Anon we are among the earliest settlements of the United States. There is Jamestown, in utter ruins. A broad wheatfield is over the graves of the fathers of the colony of Virginia. Brandon, Shirley, Berkley, great estates, with the largest wheat fields in America, unless it be a few on the prairies, are passed. By night-fall I am at Wilton, the old family seat of the Randolphs, closely connected with the Harrisons by marriage,—names of venerable renown in the history of Virginia.

Well, this is change, change enough! The ice-bound rivers, and the snow clad hills of New York and the East are, of a sudden, gone. Here I am, in the midst of fresh ploughed fields, stretching as far as my eye can reach. The early peas and the early potatoes are going in. Oats are sowed or being sowed, already. Corn ploughing is begun. The wheat fields are beautiful and green. The horn roars at the break of day to summon all hands up. The bell soon rings for breakfast. The "hoe cakes" and "the bacon" gratify the palates of the laboring man here, more than the savory things or the gilded pastry of the city dinner table. There is no dyspepsia, no gout. Every thing, man and animal, is fat as butter. The harness goes on the horses and mules, and the whiffletree rattles, and as the sun shines full in the East, the furrow of the fresh earth is turned up to welcome him. Oh, how I wish, fervently wish, I had been brought up a husbandman! My earnest ambition is now, first, to have that security of fortune which will enable me at this age, to study "the mystery and art" independent of the vicissitudes that jeopard the prosperity of all old-new-beginners,—and I express this wish from no affectation, but to exclaim against the folly of sons that rush into the anxieties and labor of professions, when this happy, healthy life, if adopted young, is in the power of every one. If fathers only knew what their offspring are to suffer in their professions, as the country grows older, how they would warn them from the pursuit and the false ambition? I cannot say how it may be with others, but in my voca-

tion, (and that of the physician must be akin to it,) it will never do to sleep or to slumber. There is no rest from morning to night; or from night to morning. It is an eternal round of violent, sickening labor. How much sweeter here is the lowing of cattle, or the bleating of sheep, than the creak of the Napier press, or the puff of the steam-engine, at home! How pure the air of the open sky, when compared with the pent-up heat of an anthracite stove, or the malaria of a manufactory! I have a ravenous appetite under the healthy excitement. I can devour meat, milk, eggs—while when at home, an injured constitution is afflicted by the slightest change or irregularity of diet. Rush then, ye dyspeptics, into the country. Seize the plough, the grub-hoe, or the pitch-fork. Hand work all, head work none, is the grand medicamentum for cits.

Well, this is solitude, too, as well as change! I have not heard since I began this paper, one single sound except the howl of the watch dog till this moment, when I hear the "yeave ho" of a Yankee schooner, that has been anchored off the house, under the banks of the river, some twenty-four hours, waiting for the tide to rise high enough to float over the sand bar. Know ye, that for years and years, a few miles below Richmond, has been lying a sand bar, which a few thousand dollars would remove, but the governors of Virginia have set it down as a "Constitutional" sand bar, which if the Federal Government removes at all, it "unconstitutionally" removes—and, therefore, my Yankee friends are detained till Providence floats them up to Richmond, according to the "Constitution." I console them, however, often when I am here, with some good fresh milk, and the best of fresh butter; and if they won't cut the trees on the banks of the river, unless by permission, I will throw in a few fresh eggs, when the hens will oblige us by pointing out the often unknown places where they hide them. The river, too, I must add here is my only high way. I like such a high way. It raises no dust. It leaves no path. The way-farers go by us with an air of quiet dignity. We hear nothing of them, save and except that contrivance of the Vulcans which puffs out fussily from its cigar-like funnel, and splashes like a *PARVENU*, to make known of what importance it is. The public road is two miles off, and near enough at that.

Ploughing and planting, in February, when New York and New England are snow clad and ice bound! Buying axes from Collinsville, shoes from Lynn, hoes and scythes from some other Yankee place!—Nearest neighbors about two miles off! So near Richmond, the capitol of Virginia, too! Unconstitutional to remove a bar that obstructs the access to its Capitol! Methinks, I hear these exclamations from many a reader, "out West," and "Down East." I have a great deal to say, gentle reader, about these very exclamations some future time, but not just now,—perhaps when I come here again.

N. Y. Express.

Varieties.

CONTRADICTIONS OF PROVERBS.—"The more the merrier." Not so, one hand is enough in a purse. "Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting." Yes, lack of meals. "Nothing but what has an end." Not so, a ring hath none, for it is round. "Money is a great comfort." Not when it brings a thimble to the gal ows. "The world is a long journey." Not so, the sun goes over it every day. "It is a great way to the bottom of the sea." Not so, it is but a stone's cast. "A friend is best found in adversity." Not so, for then there is none to be found. "The pride of the rich makes the labor of the poor." Not so, the labor of the poor makes the pride of the rich.

EPIGRAM ON A PICTURE.

This picture very plainly shews
How little many a painter knows
Of colour, tho' he thinks it.
T—therein depicts a view,
And, underneath *gamboze and blue*,
Informs us that T. *hinzit*.

At the corner of a street in Glasgow there is a building, the upper part of which is used as an Episcopal Church, and the lower as a tavern. The following *jeu d'esprit* appeared lately written on the door of the latter:—

"There's a spirit above,
And a spirit below;
A spirit of joy,
And a spirit of woe—
The spirit above
Is a spirit divine,
And the spirit below
Is a spirit of wine."

JUDICIOUS FLATTERY.—A story is told, highly creditable to the late publisher, Mr. M., and eminently expressive of the high estimation in which his virtues were held. A gentleman, who wished to see him about some private business, but heard that it was difficult at the time to obtain access to him in consequence of his engagements, knocked at his door—asked whether he was at home—

"Yes, sir; but he is very busy—who shall I say?"
"Tell him a distressed author wishes to see him."
"Oh, sir, that won't do."

The gentleman insisted, and at last sent in the servant. M— had him ushered in. He made his bow, and said—

"I must premise that I am not a distressed author, but, having heard that you were much engaged, I thought that the assumption of such a character would be the surest passport to your presence."

A SONG FOR THE MILLION.

When Harry Brougham turns a Tory,
Too late convinc'd that Whigs betray,
What can revive his tarnish'd glory?
What his desertion best repay?

The only robe his shame to cover,
To hide the brand upon his back,
And best reward this faithless lover—
That Peel can give him is—the sack.

SHIEL AND KIRKE WHITE.—The speech of the former, *unspoken* at Penenden Heath, contained one passage, justly lauded for its sublimity and beauty. In a burst of melancholy enthusiasm, caused by the contemplation of the fallen condition of his country, he said, as well as I recollect, that "wave after wave breaks sullenly in the solitary magnificence of shipless and deserted harbours."

I find the following passage in Kirke White's "Time":—

"O'er
Her crowded ports, brood silence; and the cry
Of the lone curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows breaks alone the void."

MEMORY, IN COMMAND AND INVOLUNTARY.—Rousseau says that his memory was to a certain degree at command. In composing, as long as he had his compositions only in his head (for he was in the habit of putting his thoughts together while walking abroad,) he perfectly remembered them all; and could write them down after any interval of time. But once he had committed them to paper, they went clean off, and should he chance to lose the manuscript, he could never recall them. This reminds me of what I have observed not unfrequently in my own case; viz.—that when I have spoken but a few detached words in a long period of time, as, for instance, in travelling, the last word or sentence I have spoken remain ringing in my ears for hours;—but the moment another has been uttered, the former are banished in a moment.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.—The sloppy weather has compelled boots to give way in some places, and also stockings, which are let out here and there, but particularly about the ball of the foot, where a slash in the *chaussure* releases the *bas* from its confined position. The colosh is a favourite both with ladies and gentlemen, but some are worn so *degagé*, that one colosh is apt to twist round the ankle, or come quite off; but it is only those who go a very great way in the article of coloshes, that adopt the style alluded to. In very wet weather, we have seen a tasteful article made of brown paper dipped in oil and cut *en cape*, which is a cheap substitute for a regular Macintosh. It admits of a good deal of wear and tear, for directly you wear it, the cape begins to tear all to pieces.

Punch.

The captain of a British man-of-war, a man of undaunted bravery, had a natural antipathy to a cat. A sailor, who for some misconduct had been ordered a flogging, saved his bacon by presenting the following petition:—

By your honor's command a culprit I stand,
An example to all the ship's crew,
I am pinioned and stript,
And condemned to be whipt,
And if I am flogged 'tis my due.
A cat I am told in abhorrence you hold,
Your honor's aversion is mine;
If a cat with one tail
Makes your stout heart fail,
O, save me from one that has nine!

AN UNQUESTIONABLE BLACK-BALLING.—"I understand," said one, "that at the Athenæum the other night * * * had a black-balling as my hat." "Black as your hat!" exclaimed the party addressed, "aye, and with a *crappe* round it."

AN ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.—One morning, just as Mrs. Billington was stepping into her carriage to attend Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was then putting the finishing touches to the well-known portrait of her as St. Cecilia, Haydn came to pay her a visit. Her engagement with the painter being imperative, she proposed to the great composer that he should accompany her to Sir Joshua's—an invitation which he gladly accepted. Having looked for some time at the picture, and with evident delight, at length, said Haydn—"I can find but one fault in your picture, Sir Joshua, and that is a great mistake you have made." "Indeed!" exclaimed Reynolds; "and what may that be?" "Why," replied Haydn, "you have painted Mrs. Billington as listening to the angels; surely you ought to have shown the angels as listening to her."

ORDER, ORDER.—We have somewhere met with a humorous skit upon Parliamentary offence, apology, and satisfaction. It purports to be an extract from the note-book of a new Member, who takes his seat in the House for the first time. It is quoted from memory, but is to this effect:—"The Honourable Member said that, for what the Honourable Member on the other side had asserted, he was a scoundrel and a liar. (Cries of Order, order; apology, apology.) Hereupon the Honourable Member said he was extremely sorry if he had been in the smallest degree out of order; and explaining that he had used the words liar and scoundrel only in a Parliamentary sense, the Honourable Member on the other side expressed himself perfectly satisfied."

An Indian's Cunning.—An Indian complained to a retailer that the price of his liquor was too high. The latter, in justification, said that it cost as much to keep a hoghead of brandy as to keep a cow. The Indian replied, "Maybe he drank as much water, but he no eat so much hay."

Mrs. Wood.—We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Wood, of the Princess' Theatre, Oxford-street, is not likely to appear before the public again for some time, owing to a severe inflammatory attack of the respiratory organs, attended by nervous depression.

The Birmingham Musical Festival.—The Committee of the last Birmingham Musical Festival, has recently paid over to the General Hospital nearly three thousand pounds, being the amount realized by the late meeting in that city.

Editorial Remark.—"How seldom it happens," said one friend to another, "that we find editors who are bred to the business."—"Very," replied the other, "and have you not remarked how seldom the business is *bred* to the editors?"

George Selwyn and his Contemporaries.—George Selwyn was a man of fashionable life for the greater part of the last century, or, perhaps, we may more strictly say, he was a man of fashionable life for the seventy-two years of his existence; for, from his cradle, he lived among that higher order of mankind who were entitled to do nothing, to enjoy themselves, and alternately laugh at and look down upon the rest of the world. He evidently possessed a very remarkable subtlety and pleasantness of understanding; that combination which alone produces true wit, or which, perhaps, would be the best definition of wit itself; for subtlety alone may excite uneasy sensation in the hearers, and pleasantness alone may often be vulgar; but the acuteness which detects the absurd of things, of the pleasantness which throws a good-humored coloring over the acuteness, form all that delights us in wit. Selwyn's wit must have been of the very first order in a witty age. Walpole is full of him. Walpole, himself a wit, and infinitely jealous of every rival in everything on which he fastened his fame, bows down to him with almost Persian idolatry. His letters are alive with George Selwyn. The *bon mots* which Selwyn carelessly dropped in his morning walk through St. James'-street, are carefully picked up by Walpole and planted in his correspondence, like exotics in a greenhouse. The careless brilliancies of conversation which the one threw loose about the club-rooms of the Court-end are collected by the other and reset by this dexterous jeweller, for the sparklings and ornaments of his stock in trade with posterity. On the whole, these volumes are very interesting, and the editor has evidently done his best to illustrate and explain.

Blackwood's Magazine

The Late Case of Piracy.—We announced a case of barbarous piracy and murder, committed by the schooner St. Trinita, on a Cernic on her return from Satalia to Simi. The capture of the pirate boat at Samos, whence the actors were sent to Rhodes, and are now in prison. Only five, however, have been arrested, and by these disclosures have been made which horrify and disgust.

H. E. Hassan Pasha has demanded instructions from Constantinople as to the course he is to pursue; for the prisoners being Greeks, cannot be put to death except with the concurrence of the Greek Government, which in that case will disclaim its subjects, and they will be then considered as Turkish subjects, under the title of Rayahs. We hope that the Greek Government will throw no obstacle in the way, by which justice shall be deprived of her right, for who, after such a confession as the following, will feel an iota of pity for such blood-thirsty callous scoundrels? Nine cases of piracy, in each of which the murder of the victims, and the scuttling of the vessels attacked had, before the last one, been committed—and in this, the lives of two passengers were taken, one a young girl of eighteen or nineteen years of age, of surpassing beauty. She was transferred from the Cernic to the pirate schooner, where she was kept three days, during which time she was assaulted by all the crew, and forced to abandon herself to their guilty passions! this done, she was ordered to prepare for death—death by decapitation—her hair was close cut that nothing might impede the progress of the knife! when the wretched girl begged of her assassins to throw her into the sea, instead of decapitating her. Her request was complied with, and the hapless creature was launched from the vessel's side, where the death she demanded speedily put an end to her agonising sufferings.

A Panic in the Army.—A panic, equal to that which spread among Napoleon's Imperial Guards at Waterloo, seized the battalion of Fusilier Guards stationed in Winchester, on Sunday last, the consequences of which were, fortunately, more ludicrous than injurious. It seems that they were attending divine service in the lobby of the county hall—

"Their custom always in the afternoon;"

and the chaplain had just delivered his text—"Why stand we in jeopardy every hour," when a door leading from the vaults under the Crown Court suddenly opened with a violence that prostrated a tall sergeant near it, and a form covered with dust and soot, and quite as appalling to the military congregation as that which "drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night" stood before them bellowing, as well as fright and ashes would allow him, "Cut for your lives!—Cut for your lives!" At these appalling words, and on looking at the spectre who uttered them, a universal panic seized officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates. *Savez qui peut* became the order of the day, and a most tremendous rush was made to the only outlet of the place. All distinctions of rank and subordination were, for the time, lost, and officers were overturned and trampled on with as little consideration as drummer boys. The fright was fully participated in by the reverend chaplain himself, who threw off his surplice, jumped over the front of the pulpit into the hall, and fought his way to the door with a vigor that showed his apprehensions to be equal to those of his congregation. Fortunately all gained the outside of the building without loss of life or limb, the only damage sustained being some few bruises and torn regimentals. It appeared the hubbub was caused by some trifling derangement of the hot water apparatus that warms the building, and which was caused by the inattention of the attendant, the spectre, whose sudden appearance and ominous warning we have before alluded to. We understand that it is next to impossible that any serious accident can arise from the apparatus in question; and it is most necessary that it should be so, as an accident and a panic such as that of Sunday last, happening at an assizes with a crowded court, would be a very serious matter.

The Duke of Wellington.—When, about a century ago Dr. Middleton, in his "Life of Cicero," wrote the following passage in his character of Julius Cæsar, he perhaps little imagined that a man would arise in England to whom it would apply with such marvellous accuracy as it does to our glorious old Duke:—"Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society; formed to excel in peace, as well as in war; provident in counsel; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with amazing celerity."

A Close Hit.—Brother Drew, of the Gospel Banner, gives very quiet thrusts occasionally. Here is one that tells:—

"A Mason or an Odd Fellow is bound to render assistance to his brother in need, in any part of the world; why is it not so among Christians? But let a Christian go from this State to New Orleans, and be taken sick and needy, and make himself known to the churches, as a Christian, and who would come to his aid on that account?"

A couple of foreigners, who had never enjoyed the pleasure of a sleigh ride, decided to indulge in that amusement, while sojourning at the Tremont House, a while ago. A sleigh was ordered accordingly and they were asked if they would have one or two buffaloes! "Why," said one of them, very innocently, "as we are not used to this sport, I think one buffalo will be as much as we can manage unless they are very tame." Boston Post.

A Decd of Daring.—A recent lady writer admits that she has seen, now and then, men possessing some courage, but asserts that she has still to look upon the individual who would deliberately allow a woman to catch him making mouths at her baby!

The Saddle on Another Horse.—In good old Colony times, says a "down-east" editor, a lady used to ride on a pad behind a man; now a man may ride on a pad behind a lady!

A Sequitur.—We understand that during the burning of King William's College, the Irish housekeeper, who was in attendance, ran off immediately for a sheriff's officer to arrest the flames. The porter went off in another direction, to get somebody to come and bail the water out.

ORIGIN OF THE STORY OF BLUEBEARD.

The annual anthologies, published by Southey, were not much approved of by his friend, though he contributed to one of the volumes a poem on Bluebeard, which we believe was rejected. In defending it from some critical remarks made by Southey, Taylor has given an erroneous account of the origin of the legend. He says:—"The story of Bluebeard was invented by the Catholics as a satire on Henry VIII. Demonology was still credible under James I. I see no objection to dating the incident under bloody Mary. If the murder of half-a-dozen wives had been ascribed to Bluebeard he would have been a mere madman, beyond the limits of the artist's imitation, not a human being, and certainly not the centre of interest. If the story in the dark chamber had been pure tragedy, unspoiled by hanging up the head to talk like the barber's block in the pantomime, the first wife would have been more interesting than the second, contrary to the law of climax. So much by the way of apology rather than defence." The story of Bluebeard is as old as the crusades, if not older, and, so far as its earlier forms can be traced, it was designed as a satire on the marriage of Christian ladies with Saracenic or Turkish chieftains. The earliest version of it with which we are acquainted is the Sicilian, the hero being one of Saracenic chieftains, who occupied a piratical stronghold in Sicily before the Norman invasion. Some follower of the Guiscards

brought the legend into France, where it was repeated in a variety of forms. One version of it now before us is named, "La Comtesse de Saulx," and clearly belongs to the period of Norman romance, the language being the same as that of the "Chroniques Anglo-Normandes." It is true that some foreign satirists of the reformation have identified Henry VIII. with Bluebeard, but, in doing so, they have clearly applied an old story instead of inventing a new fable. Athenæum.

THE FATE OF THE INVENTOR OF THE GUILLOTINE.

His retreat was so profound, that it was said, and readily believed, that he, too, had fallen a victim to his own invention. But it was not so. He was, indeed, imprisoned during the Jacobin reign of terror; his crime being, it is said, that he testified an indiscreet indignation of a proposition made to him by Danton to superintend the construction of a triple guillotine. There is no doubt that a double instrument was thought of; and it is said that such a machine was made, and intended to be erected in the great hall of the Palais de Justice; but it was certainly never used, and we should very much, and for many reasons, doubt whether it could have been a design of Danton. The general gaol delivery of the 9th Thermidor released Guillotine; and he afterwards lived in a decent mediocrity of fortune at Paris, esteemed, it is said, by a small circle of friends, but overwhelmed by a keen sensibility to the great, though we cannot say wholly undeserved, misfortune, which had rendered his name ignominious, and his very existence a subject of fearful curiosity. He just lived to see the restoration, and died in his bed, in Paris, on the 26th of May, aged 76. Quarterly Review.

A MONSTER VESSEL.

The Magazine of Science publishes the following description of a gigantic vessel, consisting of three iron boats joined together, and intended to compete with the trans-atlantic boats.

Lieut. Morrison has just published, at Liverpool, the plan of an immense packet boat which he has invented, and to which he has given the name of "Leviathan." This packet boat of the capacity of 32,480 tons, will be put in motion by three archimedian screws of 808 horse power each.

The deck of the Leviathan will be 182 yards (metres) long, and 52 wide. There will be below the deck 1,000 private cabins; the public saloon will be square, measuring 33 yards on each side, and 5 between the ceiling and floor. This vessel will be able to accommodate 5,650 persons, including the crew.

The plan of construction amounts to 3,758,000 fr.; the equipment and furniture to 1,250,000; total, 5,000,000 fr. It is estimated that five voyages to America, going and coming, will yield an income of 5,000,000 fr.; of which, after the deduction of 1,950,000 fr., for expenses, there will remain 3,250,000 fr. as the annual profit of the proprietors.

There will be around the deck a track of 500 yards in length, for the purpose of enabling the passengers to take a ride in a vehicle or on horseback. There will also be on the Leviathan a flower and a kitchen garden, hot house, &c., occupying a space of 225 yards. The passage, in the best cabins, including the fare, will not exceed 400 fr. The immense floating machine will have nothing to fear from the violence of the waves, being by its own weight secure against the dangers of the sea.

The Leviathan, already propelled by this machinery of 2,800 horse power, will have the additional assistance of sails, carrying 2,675 square yards of canvas—the calculation is that it will run 20,000 yards (20 kilometres) an hour, and accomplish the trip from Liverpool to Boston in ten days.

To kill time, this monster vessel will have a Theatre, capable of accommodating 1,000 people, and will carry with it a troupe of comedians. There will also be on board an amphitheatre, wherein the sciences will be taught, and new experiments tried. There will finally be a bazaar on board, and a newspaper printed daily. Courier des Etats Unis.

Foreign Summary.

Mr. Samuel Clegg, the inventor of the atmospheric railroad, has arrived at Berlin, where he has been invited by the Prussian government, to direct the construction of an atmospheric railroad from the capital to Charlottenburg.

VALUABLE COINS.—We are informed that the collection of coins, &c., made by the late Mr. Thomas, a London grocer, and about to be sold, is estimated to be of the value of from £16,000 to £18,000. Literary Gazette.

The King of the French having received the notification of the death of the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, went into mourning on the 1st inst. for 15 days. The grand ball which was to have taken place at the Tuileries on the 6th had been postponed until the 17th.

Intelligence has been received in Oxford of the conversion of another member of Exeter College, Mr. Thomas Harper King, to the catholic faith, making the tenth member of the university who has conformed within the last three years. Mr. King, some time since, made a munificent donation of an organ to Mr. Newman's chapel, at Littlemore.

A project has been brought forward for cutting a "canal of the Pyrenees," to connect the Mediterranean with the Atlantic, and to avoid the circuitous route by the coast of Spain.

The Paris papers state that King Louis Philippe, wishing to recompense the services of M. Guizot, had created him Count de Val-Richer; an estate in Normandy, of which that minister is the proprietor.

The committee of the last Birmingham musical festival have recently paid over to the General Hospital nearly £3,000, being the amount realized by the late festival in that town.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF BESSBOROUGH.—This venerable nobleman died on Saturday at the seat of his second son, Lord de Mauley, at Canford House, in Dorsetshire, where his lordship had arrived from his house at Brighton, and sunk under the prevalent influenza, at the advanced age of eighty-six.

ATTEMPTED REVOLT IN SERBIA.—The Cologne Gazette has the following from Belgrade, Jan. 21:—An attempt at revolt, which was not successful, has just been made in Serbia. It is said to have been the work of the emigration party, viz, the persons who accompanied Prince Michael into Austria, and who returned after the amnesty. Amongst those who have been arrested are mentioned an ex-minister, some ex-senators, several officers, and even some ecclesiastics. The Bishop of Schabacs, when about to be arrested, jumped out of the window, but in his fall was killed on the spot. On the news of the failure of the attempt some persons took refuge in the citadel of Semendria, and in that of Belgrade: amongst them are some ex-senators. The Serbian government has resolved to send all who have been arrested to Kragujewatz fortress. The Russian consul has supported the demand of the Serbian govern-

ment, to have delivered up the perturbators who have sought refuge in the Turkish fortresses, but hitherto his demand has been resisted."

RUSSIA.—(From the *Agram Gazette*.)—A disagreeable event in the military school at St. Petersburg, is said to have caused an extraordinary sensation among the Russian nobility. One of the masters, having the rank of General, who had something odd in his manners, was laughed at by the pupils in his class, who are all of them sons of noblemen. He complained, and at last laid the matter before the emperor, who looked upon it as a very serious breach of military discipline; he went himself to the institution, and addressed the class very seriously. When he threatened all with severe punishment, five youths declared themselves to be the guilty parties. They received each fifty blows with the cane, and were sent to serve as common soldiers in the army of the Caucasus. The nobles consider the first part of this punishment as a violation of their privileges.

Foreign musical rumours begin to thicken "as the cold strengthens." La Scala has got a new *Norma* in a Madame Montenegro, who is praised as "a height higher" than Pasta. Would that this might be believed! but the Lombard journalists are, we fear, rather apt to be enthusiastic on the principle of Master Traplois, that is, "for a consideration."

HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR SOAP?—The meaning of this common question has been given by Prof. Liebig in his "Familiar Letters on Chemistry." He observes, "the quantity of soap consumed by a nation would be no inaccurate measure whereby to estimate its wealth and civilization." Some hundred years hence our present state will be thus described. "Nothing is more remarkable in the history of this period than the desire of all classes to judge of each other by their command of money and employment of it in promoting the arts of life. The very boys in the streets would address the passer-by with a question which, as we are assured by a contemporary writer, meant simply, where are you in the scale of wealth and civilization?"

Mlle. Fanny Elssler has addressed a letter to the *Débats*, declaring that certain articles, published periodically at London, under the title of *Fanny Elssler at Havannah*, were not written by her, and that they are calculated to seriously injure her, from the ridiculous turn of the language, and the inexactitude of the facts.—[These articles have been copied by several journals in this country.]

CHILLINGHAM PARK.—The anticipated spoliation of this noble park has forunately not taken place. The wild cattle have been successfully claimed by Lord Ossulston, as heirlooms of the estate, and consequently inalienable property of the Earls of Tankerville.

EOLIAN SEA SIGNALS.—Another method of applying the waves of the sea has been recently contrived, which promises more practical results than the propelling scheme. The object is to make the breakers on a dangerous coast serve as their own warning signals to sailors. The inventor proposes to have hollow buoys moored near the dangerous coast or sand bank, to which buoys pipes, somewhat like organ pipes, are to be affixed. Metal tongues, on the principle of accordions, are to be fitted to the pipes, so that when the buoys are tossed up and down by the breakers the air may be forced through, and cause them to utter warning sounds, which would become louder and louder as the sea raged more fiercely and the danger increased.

LONDON.—A provincial paper, the *Corneall Gazette*, amuses its readers with one of those calculations which have no other end than the excitement of profane wonder. Speaking of the population and magnitude of London, "If," says it, "the population of Exeter, Plymouth, Dartmouth, Taunton, Bridgewater, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Nottingham, Bristol, Newcastle, Brighton, Bath, Leicester, Cambridge, Chester, Halifax, Derby, Huddersfield, Norwich, Northampton, York, Lancaster, Worcester, Ramsgate, Scarborough, Leamington, Newark, Mansfield, Whitby, Kidderminster, Sheffield, Tunbridge, Shrewsbury, Lincoln, Warwick, Dover, Boston, Winchester, Salisbury, Colchester, Yarmouth, Durham, Gloucester, Ipswich, Stafford, Hereford, Rochester, Doncaster, Carlisle, Canterbury, Wakefield, Hertford, Bedford, Chesterfield, Darlington, Cirencester, Devizes, Beverley, Bury St. Edmund's, Grantham, Gainsborough, Peterborough, Huntingdon, Shaftesbury, Ely, Stamford, and Lichfield, making altogether 69 of the principal cities and towns of England, were added together, they would not make another London; for these 69 towns make 1,873,189, whilst the metropolis alone is 1,873,676, leaving an overplus of 487 in favour of London. It would require above 60 cities as large as Exeter to make another metropolis. So rapid is the growth of this queen of cities, that a population equal to that of Exeter is added to its number every nine months; but so overwhelmingly large is this Leviathan of towns, that this constant and progressive increase is scarcely perceived; it is almost like throwing a bucket of water into the ocean. Such is London, the city of the world."

THE SERFS IN RUSSIA.—St. Petersburg, Jan. 8.—Some days ago we were witness to a melancholy occurrence. The bond servants of an opulent nobleman had repeatedly requested him to grant them liberty from bondage, and with it a certain amount of money, in conformity with the well-known ukase of April, 1842, which opened the prospect of the relations of landowners and peasants being related by contract. The nobleman refused their request, and the bondsmen, perceiving that they would not attain their object, determined to have revenge. About ten of them, nearly all in full manhood, surprised their master when alone in his apartments, and whipped him with rods so unmercifully that he would have been killed on the spot, if some strangers, hearing his lamentable cries, had not hastened to his succour. The malefactors were at once handed over to the police; their deed called for immediate punishment, as otherwise the most dangerous consequences might have arisen in a town so large and populous as St. Petersburg, where the bond-servants form the sixth part of the population. Orders were given to have the accused judged by a court martial. They were condemned to run the gauntlet through a line of 500 soldiers. The sentence was executed on one of our military parades, and all bond servants had been called upon to be present. The culprits were unable to receive in one day the full punishment, and as soon as they are sufficiently cured in the hospital they will be submitted to it again. The survivors will then be transported to Siberia, to work in the mines.

Downing-street, February 9.—The Queen has been pleased to appoint John Francis Davis, Esq., to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the colony of Hong Kong. The Queen has also been pleased to appoint John Walter Hume, Esq., to be Chief Justice of Hong Kong; the Hon. Frederick William Adolphus Bruce to be Secretary to the Government of Hong Kong; Brevet Major William Cain to be Police Magistrate, Sheriff, and Provost Marshal for Hong Kong; Robert Dundas Cay, Esq., Writer to the Signet, to be Registrar of the Supreme Court of Hong Kong; Alexander Gordon, Esq., to be Surveyor-General of Hong Kong; and William Pedder, Esq., Lieut. in the Royal Navy, to be Harbour Master of Hong Kong.

HAVRE AND NEW YORK STEAMERS.

A Parisian paper, (*La Presse*) in allusion to the recent indefinite postponement of the transatlantic trips—especially to those of the Havre line of steamers whose arrival at New York has been confidently expected early in the coming season, comments seriously as follows. The incidental allusion to the English lines will be ready with interest in the connection. We are indebted to a friend for the labour of translation.

"France, we believe, generally passes in the world as most fickle and inconstant in her projects, and even if she does not fully deserve to start with this bad reputation, there has been much of late to justify to a certain point, the reproaches which have been heaped upon her.

"The favor with which three years ago the idea was received of establishing three grand lines of Steampackets, one from Havre to New York, another from Nantes to Brazil and South America, and the third from Bordeaux and Marseilles to the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico, will not be forgotten. A special credit of 28,400,000 francs was effected by the Chambers for the construction, and for the armament, and fitting up of 14 steamers of 450, as well as 4 boats of 220 horse power. All was to be ready at the close of the year 1843. The department of Marine did not lose a moment. The construction of the hulls of these boats was entrusted to the most able builders in the service. The machinery was ordered from our largest foundries. Zeal and ardor in the work was to be seen on all sides—and to such good purpose that at the period fixed, everything was ready—both boats and machinery. For three months we have been circumstantially reporting the tests to which some of these new steamers have been put both at Brest and Cherbourg, as well as the remarkable results which these trials have elicited. In short, it only remained to crown the good work by sending the vessels forth on their established courses.

"It is just here that the Marine Department appears to have lost heart. Fears have been expressed lest the expenses of the trips would have a tendency to derange that financial equilibrium which it has caused so much trouble to establish in the budget, and in order not to disturb that carefully arranged line of figures, there seems to be a disposition to put off the execution of one of the most felicitous thoughts that has ever started into the head of government. It is asked for what purpose these powerful boats of 450 horse power are employed, whose destination was to have united, by continuous link, the New World to France? We answer—for the transportation of troops to Algiers! The Minister of Marine, day before yesterday, outdid himself in speaking from the tribune of the facilities and resources which these vessels offered for transporting these soldiers. We do not dispute his position. But the Minister surely forgot that it was not for this object that the Chambers voted the 28 millions and ordained the creation of a trans-Atlantic line. The intention of this law is evidently eluded, for while they employ the Labrador and some other boats in these voyages between Toulon and Algiers, instructions are transmitted to our principal naval ports to suspend the armament and launching of those which they could not pretend to turn to a destination so contrary to the spirit and letter of the law of 1840.

"The department well know the truth of our remarks. The proceedings have been secret. The postponement, that grand resource of vacillating and timid powers, was the only matter that, at the moment, could be spoken of. But, while the minister puts it off, a few persons, well directed as to their course of conduct, seek to prepare us for the complete abandonment of the measures voted for, only three years ago, with so much unanimity. In some of the bureaux, on occasion of some supplementary or extraordinary credits, the necessity for greater economy has been brought up, whilst the costs and ill results of the English undertakings have been much exaggerated.

"To be sure, there might be many useful modifications introduced into the law of 1840. The formation of a company who would undertake the contract for the line between Havre and New York was confidently counted on. But no such company has come forward. On the other hand the Administration should have taken measures to put the port of St. Nazaire (near Nantes) in a position to serve for a point of departure for the South American line. The administration has done nothing of the sort. By faults of its own, then, no less than because of the miscalculation which was made regarding the companies, as well as for yet other reasons, it has become absolutely necessary to change something of the original plan. But all this furnishes no excuse for the entire abandonment of the plan itself, and for allowing it to perish, now that the outlay has been made.

"What has taken place in England has been cited. But in England there are private companies who have undertaken such transatlantic trips as a matter of speculation. These companies had to pay the money on the capital engaged in the *materiel* of the operation,—with power of redemption—with expenses of a private consideration in officers, sailors, employers, &c. They have had to create everything, and in doing this have sometimes committed enormous blunders. Their boats, in general, deficient in strength, were furnished with engines relatively too heavy, and hence the numerous accidents that have happened to them. Besides lighter boats might have been employed at the extremities to connect with the main lines, at some central point, instead of sending these last to the remotest points as they have hitherto done. These are but few of the mistakes hitherto committed by the English companies. We might cite yet others. Their failure has however, by no means been so complete as reported. Of the three in operation, one is in full success—although receiving no direct aid from the government—another is *behind-hand* in its affairs notwithstanding the government aid—while the other appears to be so. Thus all that has been said about their utter ruin is a mere wholesale exaggeration.

"The expense is no question to us. If ever there was such a thing as productive expense, however, it surely is this. The law of 1840 was neither presented nor voted for in a spirit of speculation—but in full view of a great national and political interest. The State in creating her transatlantic lines, has not proposed the gaining of money thereby—there was an object far greater—more elevated—more worthy of her solicitude. We would do for the New World what we have already done for the Levant. The Mediterranean steamers gave us little benefit at first, but did we dream of abolishing the undertaking? Was there any one so bold as to turn from that service, boats already thus destined? No—and good reason was there for not doing so. To-day even in a money making point of view, the business of the Mediterranean boats is becoming better and better, and viewing the affair politically, it is, as it has always been, most excellent.

"The Chamber of Deputies have ever evinced the most liberal views in all questions affecting our naval grandeur, we hope they will not now permit the execution of this noble and useful project to end in abortion, even if it be necessary that the "equilibrium of budget" should suffer a little by the addition of some millions to the chapter of expenses, in order to begin the trial."

IRISH STATE TRIALS.

VERDICT AGAINST THE TRAVERSERS.

Twenty-third day Friday, February 9.

The Lord Chief Justice commenced his charge. He stated, that on a conference with his brother Judges, he found that there was a perfect concurrence between them all as to the subject-matter to be laid before the Jury. The Jury had heard a great deal of eloquence—much that was poetical, much that was prosaic, and much that was irrelevant. On the question of the fact they were themselves the constitutional judges: "You are to determine and come to a just conclusion upon the fact; the law of the case you will take from the Court." He first explained the nature of the indictment; and of the single offence with which the traversers were charged, "conspiracy":—

For a conviction of conspiracy, the law requires that the Jury should be satisfied that there was a consent either for the purpose of doing an illegal act, or doing or causing to be done an act legal in itself, but to be brought about by illegal means. Mr. Fitzgibbon had argued that treachery and secrecy were necessary ingredients in the crime of conspiracy; but that was a mistake in law; and a careful examination of the authorities adduced by Mr. Fitzgibbon did not bear out his position. In the language of Mr. Justice Coleridge—"It is not necessary that it should be proved that the several parties charged with a common conspiracy met to concoct this scheme, nor that they should have originated it. Who the parties were who met to concoct the illegal agreement it is not necessary should be absolutely proved to you: it is enough for you to see whether, from the acts that have been proved, you are satisfied that those defendants were acting in concert in this matter. If you are satisfied that there was a concert between them, (that is, an illegal concert,) I am bound to say, that being convinced of the conspiracy, it is not necessary that you should find both the traversers doing each particular act, as after the fact of the conspiracy is once established in your minds, whatever is either said or done by either of the defendants in pursuance of the common design, is both in law and common sense to be considered the act of both." This doctrine might bear some modification, especially as applicable to the Reverend Mr. Tierney. If a conspiracy be formed, and a party afterwards join it—the Jury would consider whether or not he adopted the previous acts of the association.

Mr. Shiel had quoted, from the case of the King against Kirwan, the remark of Mr. Peter Burrowes, as counsel for the defendant, "That to assume such a right as to represent the people, or any part of them, would be an encroachment on the exclusive prerogative of the House of Commons; and that any person who should exercise the function legislative or judicial would be guilty of a high misdemeanour." Those were sound constitutional principles. Now, by the Coronation Oath, the Sovereign solemnly swears to govern the people of the British dominions "according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the laws and customs of the same"—

"We heard a monstrous deal of assertion, we heard a monstrous deal of declamation, we heard a monstrous deal of complaint of grievances, and we heard a great deal of what the law ought to be. We have heard you called upon to decide whether such a law ought to continue, as if you had any power on the subject at all. The law of the realm as it stands and settled by the Act of Union, until that act is repealed, is the only law you can take into your consideration on this subject. This is the law which the Queen, by her Coronation Oath, has sworn to preserve; and it is idle to say that the Queen, if she thinks proper, may depart from this law, and call a Parliament of her own in Ireland, supposing her own desire accorded with the people, and set up a new law and new constitution for this country, in direct violation of the Act of Union. In passing the Act of Union, the kingdom of Great Britain ceased to exist, and the kingdom of Ireland ceased to exist; and instead of these two, there was formed one United Kingdom, under the style and title of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It was not that there should be one King having thereafter two kingdoms for his dominion, but one King having one kingdom; and to say that the King or Queen of Ireland may be treated as the King or Queen of a separate kingdom, is absurd—seditious. Until the law be altered by the proper authority—and I don't say that it may not, but while the law remains as it is—and it has been so during the whole of the year 1843 and the preceding years which have intervened since the enactment of the Act of Union—there is one King over this kingdom, incapable by himself of treating with any class of his subjects, except through the Legislature, with regard to a new constitution or new laws with respect to any part of the United Kingdom. I say, moreover, that whichever of his subjects would take upon himself to inculcate—to proclaim among the subjects of this part of the United Kingdom, that he, or anybody else, abstracted from the Legislature, has the power, either separately by himself or jointly by himself and a portion of the inhabitants of this part of the United Kingdom—that he or they, independently of the Legislature, had a power of treating with the Queen for an abrogation of the existing law, and to put in its place a new law, such as we heard suggested, is guilty of a great offence—he is guilty of the crime of sedition. And if her Majesty were pleased to condescend to treat an enactment separately from her Parliament, and to adopt his suggestions, she has not the power to do so, without violating her Coronation Oath. * * * It would be productive of wildness, anarchy, and confusion, if every man, or set of men, abstractedly from Parliament, were permitted to say, we do not like this law as passed by our Legislature—we think it was not properly passed—we think there were reasons which should prevail against it, and, therefore, we are not bound in conscience to obey it."

The Chief Justice explained the law of public discussion and public meeting—

"It is no crime for a man to state a grievance, or to make a mistake with regard to his political position; and he may freely communicate his sentiments to friends or strangers. He has a right to make his complaints wherever he goes, should he think proper to do so, even if he should attend a public meeting, however large: the mere fact of its being a public meeting is no reason why a man who has a grievance, or thinks he has, should not attend that meeting, make a statement of what he conceives he has a right to complain of, and so, on the principle of free discussion, endeavour to get by peaceable means as many advocates in support of his alleged grievances as he can procure. That is the morality of the law as stated by Baron Alderson, [on the trial of Vincent,] and concerning which he said, 'God forbid the country should ever be without it'; and so say I, too. But, gentlemen, in order to disseminate those grievances, he must take care not to infringe upon the rights and privileges of others; and he is the more bound to be careful as to the effect of what he does, if the assemblage which he attends is assembled and congregated in such masses and multitudes as to excite terror and alarm among the neighbouring people, or among those who are bound to watch over and preserve the peace and constitution of the country. * * * Now, in order to make a meeting unlawful, it would not be necessary that in point of fact the peace should be broken. It does not follow that because there is no breach of the peace, therefore the parties attending the meetings are not guilty of the offence of exciting

terror and alarm among her Majesty's subjects. If meetings to which parties went unarmed have been attended with demonstrations of physical force that would reasonably have excited fear, terror, or alarm among the peaceable subjects of her Majesty, they are illegal, whether they consist or not of an unarmed mass." Nor was an immediate breach of the peace, or the terror of mere neighbours, necessary to render the meeting unlawful. "Suppose that the persons who had collected that mass and multitude together, did so for the purpose of making a demonstration of immense force and physical power, guided and actuated by the will and command of the person who has caused that multitude to assemble—suppose they had no intention of disturbing the peace, but that they met for the purpose of exhibiting to those with whom they had to do—to those who were the legal legislators of the country—that his object in calling all those people together—his object in assembling, dispersing, and calling them—was to do that with the greatest possible notoriety. Suppose he did it in the open day, when all the world could see and hear him, and that his object was to overawe the Legislature, who are likely to have to consider certain political subjects in which he was interested, and for the purpose of deterring the Legislature and the Government of the country from a free, cool, and deliberate judgment on the subject—if that were his object in causing and procuring that demonstration, then, gentlemen, I say, that this is an illegal object in him, and in all who concur and agree with him in the procuring of such means."

In the forty years since the passing of the Union Act, many important acts had been passed by the United Parliament; and if that Act of Union were void, so also must be the Acts that had followed it, including the Catholic Emancipation Act, by virtue of which Mr. O'Connell sat in Parliament. Moreover, if the act were void, where was the necessity of seeking its repeal? The two things were inconsistent; and at all events, the Jury had as little right to discuss the merits of that Act as they had power to interfere with it. A speech had been quoted, delivered by Mr. O'Connell in 1810, showing that he had expressed sentiments against the Union Act—and he had a perfect right so to do—at a meeting to petition for its repeal: but this was perhaps the first time that a man sought to justify himself from a present charge by citing what he had done thirty or forty years ago.

The Chief Justice proceeded to consider, with much minuteness, the evidence that had been given, beginning with an analysis of the elaborate organization of the Repeal Association; which, with its inspection and reports by Repeal Wardens to the central body, amounted to something like a well-regulated police: and the Jury would consider, whether the issue of classified cards for enrolment, and the circulation of the *Pilot*, *Nation*, and *Freeman*, among the enrolled, were for the purposes of "free discussion," or with a view of banding the persons through whom the cards were distributed in a confederation for one universal object, in popular ignorance of its purpose.

Twenty-fourth day—Saturday, February 10.

The Chief Justice continued his examination of the evidence; commenting on the large funds collected in Ireland, England, Scotland, and America, towards the "exchequer" of the Association. He read the "plan for the renewed action of the Irish Parliament," which declared "the people of Ireland do firmly insist upon the restoration of the Irish House of Commons;" and it propounded a scheme by which, without the repeal of the Union Act, the Queen should issue writs for an Irish House of Commons: he observed, that that "plan" for the entire alteration of the constitution and laws of the country—a plan to place her Majesty, the legitimate Queen of the United Kingdom, in the separate situation of Queen of Ireland, was not couched in the language of petition, but was put forward as the demand of the people of Ireland: that people were well organized and disciplined; and the demand was to be carried out according to their wishes—by whom, or how, the plan did not specify. The Chief Justice surveyed the evidence respecting the chief of these meetings, beginning with that at Mullingar, and finishing with Mullaghmast. In this brief and compressed review, the most startling expressions used by Mr. O'Connell were more closely grouped together than they had yet appeared in any summary; and the effect of the strong passages, though so often repeated, was thus considerably increased. Alluding to the scheme for bringing into disrepute the courts of justice as established by law, through the Arbitration Courts, the Chief Justice showed in what manner the "conspiracy" was to be inferred—

"Have you or have you not Dr. Gray coming forward and telling the assembled multitudes that the time was coming when they would be taken out of the hands of those petty tyrants who at present preside in their courts of justice? Have you or have you not heard Mr. O'Connell himself adverting to the same system at the Clifden and other subsequent meetings; recommending the appointment of Arbitration Courts, and the placing thereon the Magistrates who had been dismissed? And have you or have you not Mr. John O'Connell making a speech recommending the same systems, and appearing himself to act under the appointment of the Repeal Association, in presiding over an Arbitration Court established in Blackrock?"

He pursued somewhat the same process in respect to the speeches of the Rev. Mr. Tierney, and the allusions which he made in common with others to the traditions of ancient battles and massacres, as tending to show that he had become a participator in the projects of the Association. The publications for which Mr. Barrett, Mr. Duffy, and Dr. Gray are responsible, were subjected to a similar process. The Chief Justice concluded by setting forth the several charges in the language of the indictment; instructing the Jury, that criminality is a thing which must be proved and not merely surmised.

The Judge having ceased, the Jury asked if the case need at once be closed, as they were very much fatigued? The Chief Justice said, their release for that night must be a matter of consent between the opposite parties. The traversers' counsel did not refuse their consent in terms, but declined to give it; and therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, the Jury retired. When they had gone, Mr. Henn took an objection, that no evidence had been adduced of any act done in the county of the city of Dublin; and therefore a verdict could not be given in the case. The objection was noted by the Court. The Judges then withdrew.

Later in the evening, Mr. Justice Crampton returned, and remained in court to await the return of the Jury. They reappeared at ten minutes to eleven; and brought in a verdict of "guilty" against all the traversers, upon various counts, but stated "no finding" upon others, which they thought "too comprehensive." Mr. Justice Crampton handed back the verdict, saying that it was imperfect, since the Jury must find a verdict of "guilty" or "not guilty" upon every part and every person. They again disappeared. Midnight approaching, the Attorney-General pressed for the adjournment of the Court, lest any doubt should arise from not doing so. The Judge endeavoured to induce counsel to consent to take the verdict after twelve o'clock or to allow the jurors to go home. The Attorney-General persisted; Mr. Moore only said "Nothing." Time crept on; and the Jury not having agreed at a quarter past twelve o'clock, they were once more summoned, and told that they must be locked up until Monday; which was done. Here another objection was taken

by Mr. Henn, that the Court had no power to adjourn after twelve o'clock. That also was noted; and the Court adjourned until nine o'clock on Monday.

The Court assembled at the appointed hour on Monday. Mr. O'Connell, accompanied by his son Daniel and Mr. Smith O'Brien, took his seat at the table of the Queen's council, Mr. John O'Connell among the junior counsel, the other traversers at the bar allotted to them. Mr. Justice Crampton detailed to his brother Judges what had occurred on Saturday; and, observing the five several issues in the indictment had not been sent up to the Jury in a sufficiently distinct shape, he produced an issue-paper which he had prepared. The Jury were summoned, and the paper prepared by Mr. Justice Crampton was given to them. When they returned into Court, at ten o'clock, they said that they had anticipated the Judges in the way in which they should give their verdict, but they had not had room to write their finding opposite each issue. Before the verdict was read, Mr. Moore took an objection, that one of the Jurors was described on the panel as "John Rigby," though his name was really "John Jason Rigby." A note was taken of the objection. The verdict was then recorded. It was for the most part against the Traversers, although there were exceptions on different events, and the Reverend Thos. Tierney found not guilty on the greater part of them.

Mr. Moore applied for a copy of the verdict, for the traversers; which was ordered.

The Court was adjourned to the first day of next term (the 15th April); when it will be in the power of the Crown to call for judgment on the traversers.

There had been "excitement" in Dublin in the interval between the first retirement of the Jury on Saturday evening and the finding of the verdict on Monday. The neighbourhood of the Court was surrounded by a great multitude on Saturday evening; and the first announcement of the nature of the verdict was greeted by a terrific yell. Large bodies of mounted and foot police patrolled the streets, and the troops were ready for instant service. At half-past one o'clock on Sunday morning, a numerous body of boatmen paraded up High Street, seeming anxious to create a disturbance; but none arose. As the night continued, the crowd thinned; but at early day the people reassembled. It was expected that the Jury would go to church on Sunday, and a crowd awaited their forthcoming; but the Sheriff judged it most prudent to keep the jurors with n-doors, and have divine service performed for them there. Attempts to intimidate the Jury, and even to bribe one of them on behalf of the Repealers, were among the rumors. Two hours after they retired, a Liberal paper announced, in large capitals, "Conviction there will be none." A woman went into the shop belonging to one of the jurors, and offered to sell his wife a widow's cap, saying that it would be needed if there were a verdict against O'Connell.

An extraordinary edition of the *Freeman*, published late on Sunday afternoon, contained an address from Mr. O'Connell "to the Catholic Prelates of Ireland," suggesting, "with profound humility," that perhaps it might be useful if the clergy were to take measures for insuring a continuance of the same loyal, quiet, and peaceable demeanor which had characterized the people up to that moment, and in a marked manner since the trials commenced; an assistance rendered the more necessary as the omission of several Catholics from the Sheriff's list, and their exclusion from the Jury, had given a sectarian colour to the prosecution; and it was desirable that the clergy should check every angry or vindictive feeling in their flocks. The absence of violence would render certain the success of the efforts of Repeal.

Next morning O'Connell issued the following—

"TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

"Merrion Square, 11th February, 1844.

"Fellow-Countrymen—Once again I return you my most heartfelt thanks for the peace, quiet, and good order you have observed; and I conjure you by the country we all love, and even in the name of the God we all adore, to continue in the same peace, quietness, and perfect tranquillity.

"I tell you solemnly, that your enemies and the enemies of Ireland are very desirous that there should be a breaking-out of tumult, riot, or other outrage. Be you, therefore, perfectly peaceable. Attack nobody. Offend nobody. Injure no person. If you respect your friends—if you wish to gail your enemies—keep the peace, and let not one single act of violence be committed.

"You are aware the Jury have found a verdict against me; but depend upon it that I will bring a writ of error, and will not acquiesce in the law, as laid down against me, until I have the opinion of the Twelve Judges in Ireland, and if necessary, of the House of Lords.

"Be you, therefore, perfectly quiet. Do no violence whatsoever. You could not possibly offend or grieve me half so much as by any species of riot, assault, or outrage.

"It is said that the great question of Repeal has been injured by this verdict.

"Do not believe it. It is not true. On the contrary, the result of this verdict will be of most material service to the Repeal, if the people continue to be as peaceful as they have hitherto been, and as I am sure they will continue to be.

"Obey my advice. No riot. No tumult. No blow. No violence. Keep the peace for six months, or at the utmost twelve months longer, and you shall have the Parliament in College Green again.

"I am, fellow countrymen, your affectionate and devoted servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

WAR-OFFICE, Feb. 16.—4th Drag. Gds.—Capt. J. T. Bowdoin, from 19th Ft., to be Capt., v. Clerk, who exchs. 1st Drags.—Asst.-Surg. J. Grogan, M.D., from 66th Ft., to be Assistant-Surg., v. Drummond, who resigns. 6th Drags.—Surg. W. Milligan, M.D., from 76th Ft., to be Surg., v. W. Daunt, who rets. upon h.-p. 7th Light Drags.—Lt. E. G. Cubitt, from 73d Ft., to be Paymaster, v. McCarty, dec. 17th Light Drags.—Regimental Serg.-Maj. J. Stephenson, to be Adj., with the rank of Cornet, v. Lindsey, dec. 1st or Gren. Regt. of Ft. Gds.—Lt. and Capt. the Hon. Augustus Frederick Foley to be Capt. and Lt.-Col. by pur., v. Lord W. Thynne, who rets. Ens. and Lt. H. B. Trelawny, to be Lt. and Capt. by pur., v. Foley. Ens. H. F. Porsonby, from 49th Ft., to be Ens. and Lt. by pur., v. Trelawny. 1st Regt. of Ft.—Lt. C. F. Mackenzie, from 41st Ft., to be Lt., v. Wells, who exchs. 3d Ft.—W. Macfarlane, Gent., to be Asst.-Surg., v. Stevenson, prom. to the 18th Ft. 7th Ft.—Ens. C. W. W. Lord Langford, from 85th Ft., to be Lieut. by pur., v. Beauchamp, prom. 9th Ft.—Capt. C. R. Shuckburgh, fm. h.-p. unatt., to be Capt., v. Brevet Maj. W. H. Hartman, who exchs., receiving the difference. Capt. J. Johnstone, from h.-p., 70th Ft., to be Capt., v. C. R. Shuckburgh, who exchs. Lt. V. V. Ballard to be Capt. by pur., v. Johnstone, who rets. Ens. E. Morton to be Lt., by pur., v. Ballard. C. R. Richardson, Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Morton. 12th Ft.—Capt. W. Bell to be Major without pur., v. Sir R. A. Douglas, Bart., dec. Lt. F. G. Hamley to be Capt., v. Bell. 19th Ft.—Capt. M. Clerk, from the 4th Drag. Gds., to be Capt., v.

Bowdoin, who exchs. 22d Ft.—A. G. Walsh, Gent., to be Ens., without pur., v. Hyde, who resigns. 41st Ft.—Lt. G. W. Wells, from the 1st Ft., to be Lt., v. Mackenzie, who exchs. 46th Ft.—Capt. H. H. F. Clarke, from h.-p. unatt., to be Capt., v. Lachlan M'Pherson, whose appointment has been cancelled. 59th Foot—R. A. Cox, Gentleman, to be Ensign without purchase, v. Prior, deceased. 71st Foot: Ensign A. C. Parker, to be Lt. by pur, vice Dance, who retires. E. T. Scudamore, Gent., to be Ens. by pur, v. Parker. 76th Ft.: Capt. A. Campbell, from half-pay, 72nd Ft. to be Capt., v. G. P. Pickard, who exchanges, receiving the difference. 88th Ft.: Serj.-Mjr. S. Dunning to be Ens., without pur, v. Mills, appointed Quartermaster. Ens. T. H. Mills to be Quartermaster, v. Mills, deceased. 90th Ft.: Capt. F. H. Hart, from half-pay 84th Ft., to be Capt., v. J. D. G. Tulloch, who exchanges. Lt. C. M. Chester, to be Capt., by pur, v. Hart, who retires. Ens. J. W. B. Peddie to be Lt. by pur, v. Chester. T. J. Merredith, Gent., to be Ens., by pur, v. Peddie. 98th Ft.: Ass.-Surg. C. Cowen, from 18th Ft., to be Surg., v. Bardin, deceased. Rifle Brigade: R. Heavyside, Gent., to be Second Lt., by pur, v. Glyn, promoted. Cape Mounted Riflemen: Brevet Mjr. A. B. Armstrong to be Mjr, without pur, v. W. Burnley, who retires upon full-pay. Lt. G. E. Cannon, to be Capt. v. Armstrong. Ens. J. T. Blissitt to be Lt. v. Cannon. C. E. Phillips, Gent., to be Ens. by pur, v. Hartshorn, appointed to the 24th Ft.

UNATTACHED. To be Lt.-Col. without pur.—Brevet Col. R. B. Macpherson, from Mjr. half-pay 71st Ft. To be Mjrs. without pur.—Brevet Col. R. Lluellyn, from Capt. half-pay 28th Ft. Brevet Lt.-Col. J. Jones, from Capt. half-pay 15th Lt. Drags. Brevet Lt.-Col. Sir J. S. Lillie, from Capt. half-pay 31st Ft. Brevet Mjr. R. Kelly, from Capt. half-pay 40th Ft.

BREVET.—To be Mjr. in the Army—Capt. J. Johnstone, of 9th Ft. Capt. F. Hart, of 90th Ft.

HOSPITAL STAFF.—Staff-Surgeon of the First Class G. Barclay, M.D., to have the local rank of Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals in China.

WAR-OFFICE, Feb. 23.—17th Lgt. Drags.: 2nd Class Staff Surg. J. B. Gibson, M. D. Surg. v. Pilkington, prom. on the Staff. Scots Fusilier Guards: The Hon. J. W. Fortescue to be Ens. and Lt. by pur. v. Rodney, who retires. 1st Regt. of Ft.: Ens. F. Carter to be Lt. by pur. v. Lysons, prom. in the 3rd W. I. Regt.; W. H. S. Sharpe, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Carter. 3rd Ft.: Mjr. C. E. Eaton, from 29th Ft., to be Maj. v. Bar, who exchs. 20th Foot: Lt. W. Frith to be Capt. without pur. v. Brock, dec.; Ens. J. R. Jackson to be Lt. v. Frith; J. E. Deane to be Ens. v. Jackson. 21st Ft.: Paymaster G. P. Erskine, from 45th Ft. to be Paymaster, v. Jean, dec. 22nd Ft.: Capt. D. R. Smith to be Maj. without pur. v. W. Raban, who rets. upon full pay; Lt. W. B. Kelly to be Capt. v. Smith. 25th Ft.: Lt. H. T. Walker to be Adj. v. Priestley, prom. 26th Ft.: Asst.-Surg. W. Home, M.D., from the Staff, to be Asst.-Surg. v. Menzies, who res. 28th Ft.: Capt. F. Adams to be Major without pur. v. Parker, dec.; Capt. G. R. Cummin, from 78th Ft., to be Capt. v. M'Murdo, who exchs.; Lt. E. Lugard, from 21st Ft., to be Capt. v. Adams; Ens. J. A. Macdougall, from 62nd Ft. to be Lt. without pur. v. M'Laughlan, deceased. 29th Ft.: Maj. M. Barr, from 3rd Ft. to be Maj. v. Eaton, who ex. 30th Ft.: Ens. C. D. Oliver to be Lt. by pur. v. Broome, who rets.; R. S. Lindesay, Gent., to be Ensign by pur. v. Oliver. 40th Foot: A. R. Rundle, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Roberts, appt. to 62nd Ft. 49th Ft.: W. E. H. Vere, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Ponsonby, appt. to the 1st or Gren. Regt. of Ft. Gds. 50th Ft.: Lt. R. E. De Montmorency, from 7th Ft. to be Lt. v. Clarke, prom. 55th Ft.: Lt. H. Edwards to be Capt. without pur. v. De Havilland dec.; Ens. T. R. Hickson, to be Lt. without pur.; Ens. W. J. J. Smith to be Lieut. vice Edwards. To be Ensigns without pur.: G. J. A. Cameron, Gent. v. Hickson; G. S. Home, Gent. v. Smith; Lt. J. Frend, Adj. v. Magrath, dec. 56th Ft.: R. C. Stanhope, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Austin prom. 62nd Ft.; Ens. C. Roberts, from 40th Ft. to be Ens. v. Macdougall, prom. in 25th Ft.—66th Ft.: W. Simpson, M.D. to be Asst.-Sur. v. Grogan, appointed to 1st Drags.—67th Ft.: Capt. F. W. Lane, from 3rd West India Regt. to be Capt. v. Vane, who exchs.; Capt. R. Hare, from half-pay Unattached, to be Capt. v. G. A. Curie, who exchs. receiving the difference; Lt. H. Collette to be Capt. by pur. v. Hare, who retires; Ens. R. Jones to be Lieut. by pur. v. Collette; J. C. Murray, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Jones. 68th Ft.: Mjr. Gen. Sir E. Gibbs, K. C. B. to be Col. v. Lt-Gen. Sir W. Johnston, K. C. B. deceased.—70th Ft.: Mjr. E. J. White, to be Lt.-Col. without pur. v. J. Kelsall, who retires upon full pay; Capt. W. Taylor to be Mjr. v. White; Lt. J. P. Costabadie to be Capt. v. Taylor; Ens. J. W. Filder to be Lt. v. Costabadie; F. W. Dowse, Gent. to be Ens. v. Filder.—78th Ft.: Capt. W. M. G. M'Murdo, from 28th Ft. to be Capt. v. Cummin, who exchs.—85th Ft.: G. Thompson, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Lord Langford, promoted in 7th Ft.—98th Ft.: Ens. S. H. H. Edwards to be Lt. without pur.; C. B. Brown, Gent. to be Ens. v. Edwards, promoted; Lt. F. T. Wade, to be Adj. v. Ormsby, promoted.—3rd West India Regt.: Capt. C. B. Vane, from 67th Ft. to be Capt. v. Lane, who exchs.—Cape Mounted Riflemen: Ens. J. Borrow to be Lt. by pur. v. Le Touzel, who retires; Ens. R. G. G. Cumming, from the Royal Newfoundland Companies, to be Ens. by pur. v. Bisset, promoted; J. S. Francis, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Borrow.—Ryl. Newfoundland Companies: W. J. Coen, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Cummin, appointed to Cape Mounted Riflemen.

BREVET.—Capt. R. Hare, of 67th Ft. to be Mjr. in the Army.

HOSPITAL STAFF.—Inspector-Gen of Hospitals H. Bone, M.D., with local rank, to be Inspector-Gen. of Hospitals; Staff-Surg. of the 2nd class W. M. Ford to be Staff-Surg. of the 1st class, v. Barclay, promoted.

WAR-OFFICE, March 1.—4th Regt. of Drag. Gds.: Capt. W. C. Forrest, from 11th Light Drags., to be Capt., v. Ibbetson, who exchs.—3rd Light Drags.: Sergt.-Maj. J. Rathwell (Riding Master) to be Cor., without pur., v. Brunt, app. to the Royal Horse Gds.—11th Light Drags.: Capt. C. P. Ibbetson, from 4th Drag. Gds., to be Capt., v. W. C. Forrest, who exchs.—15th Regt. of Ft.: Maj. R. Ellis, from h.-p. Unatt., to be Maj., v. W. R. B. Smith, who exchs., receiving the diff.—20th Ft.: Ens. H. R. Cowell to be Lieut. without pur.; G. W. Taylor, Gent., to be Ens. v. Cowell; Lieut. E. G. Halliwell to be Adj., v. Smith, dec.—41st Ft.: Capt. B. Duff, from h.-p. of the 27th Ft., to be Capt., v. I. Blackburn, who exchs.; Lieut. R. Butler to be Capt., by pur., v. Duff, who rets.; Ens. W. Minchin to be Lieut., by pur., v. Butler; J. H. Cooke, Gent., to be Ens., by pur., v. Minchin.—76th Ft.: Asst.-Surg. A. Maclean, M.D., from the 11th Light Drags., to be Surg., v. Milligan, app. to the 6th Drags.—78th Ft.: Asst.-Surg. W. Bowie, from the 92nd Ft., to be Asst.-Surg., v. Alliman, dec.

HOSPITAL STAFF.—Asst.-Surg. E. W. Burton, from the 38th Regt., to be Staff-Surg. of the 2nd Class, v. Gibson, app. to the 17th Drags.—To be Asst.-Surgs. to the Forces: W. T. Hoskin, M.D.; R. Browne, Gent.: W. G. Wait, Gent.; W. Batley, Gent.

BREVET.—Lieut.-Col. E. Hay, of the Hon. the E. I. Company's Depot at Warley, to have temporary rank of Col. during the period of his being so employed.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1844.

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THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE ANGLO AMERICAN will be commenced on Saturday, the 27th day of April ensuing, and we have made arrangements that all future numbers shall be executed on paper unsurpassed in quality by that of any other journal whatsoever.

Our unceasing and sedulous cares to render THE ANGLO AMERICAN acceptable to the reading public, have been so successful, that the prospects of the Journal are no longer problematical, the increase of our subscription list has been far beyond ordinary expectation, it has been onward and steady during the whole time we have been before the public, and our regard to prudent economy has thrown us out of early numbers to a degree which has caused great disappointment to applicants and much regret to ourselves. With the expectations which we feel now justified to entertain, and with the experience which we have had of the past, we have resolved to commence the New VOLUME with a heavy edition, but would recommend an early application for the work, to prevent disappointment, as a large circulation is confidently anticipated.

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Editors of Journals with whom we exchange will oblige us by copying the above into their papers.

TEXAS.

One of the most interesting subjects of discussion at the present time is that of the proposed Annexation of Texas to the Union; naturally enough, too, the arguments on the subject, *pro* and *con*, are chiefly drawn from sectional feelings and party politics, and very little from an abstract view of the case. On one hand we find it insisted that any country, able to sustain its independence, is entitled thereto, consequently Texas has obtained no more than her just rights in separating from Mexico, and in being governed by magistrates chosen by her people from among themselves;—that these rights enjoyed *de facto*, and recognised by several powerful and independent countries, establishes her independence also, and that therefore she has the right to enter into any compact that may be mutually agreed upon with any other country, for the furtherance of what she may deem her prosperity and for the enlargement of her protection and the tranquillity of her people; that there is nothing contrary to the acknowledged law of nations in the annexation of Texas to the Federal Union of the United States, if both parties should agree on the same; and that, neither Mexico nor any other country would have a just pretext for hostilities, or for a warlike attitude towards the United States, in consequence of such an arrangement. Further, it is remarked, that the United States in recognising the independence of Texas, have thereby put themselves quite as much in a hostile position with regard to Mexico, as they could be by any subsequent treaty, compact, or arrangement with the enfranchised country, and that, to acknowledge her right to a place among nations yet shun to treat with her whilst she is at war with Mexico is unworthy the dignity of the Federal Republic, and looks very like a weak hesitation until the chances of war shall declare on which side the United States shall finally take their stand.

On the other hand the very constitutionality of the annexation of Texas to the United States is doubted, if not positively denied by the adversaries of the measure, and although Florida and Louisiana are adduced in proof of the constitutional power, it is denied that these are cases in point. It is urged also that the Union is already large enough, if not too large, and by thus add-

ing to it, an imputation would be cast that here would be proof of a grasping disposition; that, as much as seven years ago this question was discussed and the measure was then rejected; and that the consequence of such annexation would assuredly be a dissolution of the Union; and other serious mischiefs which could even now be dimly foreshewn.

From these conflicting opinions it is evident that the measure is capable of raising very strong debates and action, increased doubtless by the different political views of the different sections of the country. The north-eastern states are decidedly and strongly opposed to it; the western states perhaps care not much about it, but they will eagerly oppose considerations with regard to it, until their own favorite topic, The Oregon Question, shall be disposed of; and the South are for it with all their hearts, were it only for the Cotton considerations which are deeply involved in it. Now all these things will have their influence upon the approaching elections, and candidates will therefore stand upon ticklish ground; in fact it would require something of the genius of a Talleyrand to reconcile these apparent discordances, and how they are severally to terminate we do not pretend to divine or to anticipate.

THE OREGON QUESTION.

The good people of the "Far West" are deeply intent upon the possession of the disputed ground here, and with difficulty will they be restrained from occupying it even whilst a negotiation has been invited on the subject, and the British minister is on the spot for the purpose, ready and willing to go into the full discussion of its merits, and only prevented from proceeding therein, through the lamentable catastrophe which rendered necessary the nomination of new officers of State for this government. The irritability of some speakers on this subject is remarkable, and we regret to find that some are attempting to excite the public mind against the British government for alleged rapacity after extended dominion. Sure we are that Mr. Pakenham will endeavour to adjust this matter upon equitable principles, for we cannot recognise any rapacious yearnings herein in either the British minister himself or in the government which he represents; sure we are, also, that no such spirit was visible, or can be traced, in the conduct of Lord Ashburton in the treaty which his Lordship was lately instrumental in concluding between Great Britain and the United States; and again, sure we are, that those are greatly mistaken who imagine that anything but a sense of public duty, actuates the British government in sticking for right at all, with respect to a section of country so remote, and lands of so small a value. It has unhappily come to pass, in too many instances, that because England has large colonial possessions, and great political influence and authority, it has been charged that she has sought these things, seized them, and is ever on the watch to increase them. With all due submission, this is a great mistake. The general equity of her dealings, the practical good which she constantly labours to effect, and the faith which is given to all the stipulations made by her, have made many a people in India and elsewhere to throw themselves under her protection or to ask her interposition, and much of her foreign dominion is to be ascribed to voluntary and willing subjection.

It would be unjust quite as much to the officers of the United States government as to England and her minister, to take up a hasty tone, and to indulge in angry feelings whilst this matter is in agitation; we would deprecate any pre-judgment of the case, or any inconsiderate action which it might be difficult to remedy; and we have every belief that the negotiation will at length be happily concluded.

LIBERIA.

If any proof were wanting of the truth of what we have in our "Oregon" article alleged with respect to the good faith and good feeling of the British government, it would be abundantly found in the correspondence recently published in some of the American newspapers on the subject of Liberia. It appears that the Authorities of Liberia not contented to enlarge their borders and to trade freely with the nations of the western coast of Africa, had begun to insist upon a monopoly of trade to a certain extent, to the manifest injury or hindrance of British subjects, and that disputes were the consequence of such a procedure. To settle these with due regard to propriety, right, and amicable relations, Mr. Fox, the late minister here, was instructed to ask distinctly the nature of the establishment at Liberia, the degree of authority possessed by those who presided there, and, whether the United States take the responsibility of the actions there, or whether the parties themselves were severally responsible for the line of conduct adopted by them towards foreigners.

To this application a reply was given by the late lamented Secretary of State, Mr. Upshur, who detailed the circumstances of the origination of the Liberian colony by "a voluntary association of American citizens," and the objects of the Association; and although, as Mr. Upshur stated, "it was not established under the authority of our (the American) government, nor has it been recognised as subject to our (the American) laws and jurisdiction," yet the Secretary in a feeling and eloquent manner enlarged upon the philanthropy and usefulness of its purposes, and justly claimed for it the regard and respect of foreign nations. He admitted the personal responsibility of the authorities of Liberia for their acts, but urged their claim to a reasonable indulgence on account of both their philanthropic objects and their really powerless condition.

Mr. Fox transmitted a copy of Mr. Upshur's statement to the Foreign Office of the British Government, and at the close of the last year the American Minister at St. James' having had occasion to lay before Lord Aberdeen, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, some complaints made by the Liberian authorities against certain British Cruisers and traders, received an official note from that nobleman, in which the latter details the instructions which had been given in consequence of the descriptions and representations given by Mr. Upshur. These were of so liberal and kind a nature that we think the

reader will be pleased to peruse them as we extract them, verbatim, from the note of Lord Aberdeen in reply to Mr. Everett, under date of the 31st January of the present year.

"The undersigned begs to assure Mr. Everett that her Majesty's Government highly appreciate the motives which have induced the American Colonization Society to found the settlement of Liberia; nor do they doubt that the growth of that settlement may, under judicious guidance, powerfully contribute to promote the object for which it was established; and the undersigned conceives that he cannot better reply to the representation which Mr. Everett has now been directed to make upon this subject, than by informing him, without reserve, of the tenor of the instructions which have been given to her Majesty's naval commanders for their guidance in their communications with the Liberian settlers.

These instructions, which have been issued subsequently to the date of the discussions with the authorities of Liberia, to which Mr. Everett refers, enjoin her Majesty's naval commanders, whose duty it is to extend a general protection to British trade on the western coast of Africa, to avoid involving themselves in contentions with the local authorities of the Liberian settlements, upon points of uncertain legality. In places to the possession of which British settlers have a legal title, by formal purchase or cession from the rightful owners of the soil, no foreign authority has, of course, any right to interfere. But, in other places, in which no such ostensible right of property exists, great caution is recommended to be observed in the degree of protection granted to British residents, lest, in maintaining the supposed rights of those residents, the equal or superior rights of others should be violated; and at the same time that her Majesty's naval commanders afford efficient protection to British trade against improper assumption of power on the part of the Liberian authorities, they are instructed and enjoined to cultivate a good understanding with the inhabitants of that settlement, and to foster, by friendly treatment of them, such a feeling as may lead the settlers themselves voluntarily to redress whatever grievances may have been the subject of complaint against them."

ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK.—St. Patrick's day falling on Sunday, the 17th, the anniversary dinner of the Children of Erin took place on the following day, at the City Hotel, where a large company assembled, among whom were the Presidents of the St. George's, the St. Andrew's, the German, the St. David's, and the St. Nicholas' Societies, Jas. G. Girard, Esq., M. Stoughton, the Spanish Consul, Rev. Mr. Huddart, Judge English, W. V. Wallace, Jno. McKeon, W. F. Brough, and many others. The chair was occupied by JAMES REYBURN, Esq., the President of the Society. The feast, like all the feasts of the St. Patrick's Society, was a sumptuous one, and did credit to Messrs. Jennings & Willard, the worthy proprietors of the Hotel. The Rev. R. T. Huddart, one of the Chaplains of the Society, said grace on the occasion, and then the destruction of good things was proceeded in most vigorously.

After dinner the toasts, and speeches, and music were given; the particulars of which would occupy more space than we have at present to spare. But we must not omit to state that Joseph Fowler, Esq., President of the St. George's Society, upon hearing the toast of "The Repeal of the Union—The Queen, Lords and Commons of Ireland" announced, immediately retired from the table. In this we feel assured that he not only acted in conformity to his own principles, but also in accordance with those of the St. George's Society, which might then be considered to be in his keeping. We remember that last year, the British Consul, who happened to be an invited guest at the St. Patrick's Dinner, was under the necessity of vindicating his loyal feelings in a similar manner, when an obnoxious toast was announced in his hearing.

* * We would call earnest attention to the advertisement of Mrs. Henry Wrecks, in our columns. This lady who has been highly successful as a teacher of young ladies in all the branches which constitute a polite and moral education, has removed from her former residence in Albion Place to No. 113 Bleeker Street, near Leroy Place, where she will still continue to impart instruction in the manner she so well knows how; and we can sincerely add our own humble testimony to that of the referees in her advertisement, in regard to her high qualifications for the important duties undertaken by her.

From a Correspondent. A TRIP TO BOSTON.

I fear all your editorial gravity will not enable you to preserve your patience when you look on so trite a subject as "A Trip to Boston," and perceive its writer to be in downright earnest in offering it to your approval for publication. "What?" you will say, "voyages and travels to a neighbouring and sister city, performed in a few hours of each day by hundreds of our own and her citizens! Absurd! It cannot be admitted." Mr. Editor, I do beseech you, restrain such a fiat; be merciful towards one who, like yourself, is no great traveller in this extensive country, who has also an incurable *cacothesis scribendi*, and whose highest ambition is to see himself glorified in black and white through the consciousness that his lucubrations are respectfully perused by "thousands of enlightened men." Methink I perceive your features relax of their rigidity, and you say, "*Anch'io spino pittore.*" Bless you, my venerable friend,—for venerable you must be,—and so here goes.

I left the Pier No. 1, near the Battery, in the Steamer *Worcester*, for Norwich, at 5 o'clock, the evening as dark as a wolf's mouth, with the fog so dense as to be palpable to the feeling, and you could cut it with a knife. But thanks to Capt. Vanderbilt, whose knowledge of the Sound is so complete that he seems to be able to feel his way through shoal and by rock even with his eyes shut, the beautiful *Worcester* arrived at Norwich soon after three on the following morning. It is true the vessel's way was not unfrequently stopped for the purpose of heaving the lead, but this I do verily believe was rather to give confidence to the passengers than through any misgivings of him who guided her fortunes. By-the-by, were it not for the fear of being accused of "flummery" I could say very much in praise of that same *Worcester*, not merely for her size and speed, although of both these properties she is largely

possessed, but also for the excellence of her accommodations, the goodness and plenty of her fare as to "creature comforts" and the amiable and obliging manners of her commander, Capt. Vanderbilt. But as saith the wise Dalgerty, "I shall prætèrmit" all these things, and let the worthy public discover for themselves as I did.

Well, my venerable friend, the day of my travel to Boston should be marked by me "with a white stone," for it was my hap to fall into good hands successively throughout its hours, and this good fortune has perhaps tinged the colouring of my description with a roseate hue. I was transferred from the vessel to the Rail-road, a little below Norwich, and was whisked over 100 miles of the best constructed road, by means of the easiest cars that I have ever experienced since these things came into fashion.—Small is that experience, I trow, but let that pass. Good luck was still on my side, for it landed me finally at the Tremont House in Boston. Shall I describe its excellencies to you? That would indeed be a work of supererogation, and, however bald and barren my theme generally, I should in this particular deserve your laughter—for who is there that knows them not?

Here we are then at Boston, and as the good people of that city hate nothing so much as an idle morn, it behoves me, therefore, to be stirring about my business, as much for my character as for my interest. This is indeed a social trait in the manners and habits of the Bostonians, which, whilst it pervades their lives and actions may be the support if not the foundation of the moral feeling, the upright conduct, the quiet deportment, and the steadily accumulating wealth of this people. It has given a bent even to their recreations, it has regulated their sumptuary laws, and made them, in some sort like the *Cassius* of Shakespeare,

"Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing."

Yet this grave Boston does occasionally hold a joker, perhaps a hoaxer: (forgive me, venerable sir, for using such unclassical terms) and the following anecdote, which has very recently occurred there, will shew that the animal spirits sometimes get vent, even where those of an alcoholic nature are kept in every fair subjection and restraint.

"Who got the Mutton, was it Ole Bull?" These two questions, which have little or no connexion with each other, have recently been brought into comic juxtaposition in consequence of two ludicrous circumstances which closely followed in succession. A worthy and well-known individual known to nearly every body in New York, Boston, and—where not!—who is the accommodating and obliging proprietor of *The Shades*, in the eastern Metropolis, and the *Initials* of whose name—we love to be mysterious—are T. B., was not long ago boasting the splendid qualities of the English *South Down* mutton, and gave semi-publication to a promise that on a certain day he would treat his friends to a magnificent haunch which had been imported by a Halifax steamer, and which had been hanging by the shank, according to the true principles of gastronomy, fully three weeks.

The appointed day arrived, but on that morning Mr. B.'s cook approached her master with a woful and elongated countenance; with beating heart and trembling lips she murmured out the dreadful intelligence that the mutton *was not*. She had sought diligently every where, she had enquired anxiously of every person, she had turned over in her mind every reason, to account for the absence of the precious mutton, and was now altogether *desespérée*. Like a true and sympathising domestic, she felt for Mr. B.'s disappointment, she participated in the mortification he would feel when his "troops of friends," with watering mouths, should, in a few hours, assemble to feast on this incomparable mutton, and lo! the mutton *was not*. Poor confiding B. laughed at the cook's perplexity; he thought it probably mislaid, or put too carefully away; as for its being conveyed, his magnanimous soul disclaimed the supposition. But the eleventh hour arrived, and still the mutton *was not*; the twelfth drew nigh, and he was no nearer its recovery, and he now began to anticipate his mortification, and to writhe under the jokes and derisions of his laughter-loving guests. Fortunately it occurred to his recollection that the Steward of the — Halifax Steamer had a 20 lb. leg on board, in fine condition, and he was fortunate enough to obtain it. Thus, by delaying the dinner hour, he was enabled to prevent the jests and mirth which would have dreadfully tried even his equanimity of temper.

But although he escaped the fire-shot of witticisms which menaced him, the mutton was destined to an attack which made sad inroads upon its twenty pounds weight, and that too by no less distinguished a personage, as was verily supposed, than the great violinist Ole Bull. This man was showily dressed, although his appearance was not over-nice in point of cleanliness, and of this he seemed conscious, for he began to make excuses on that score soon after he entered. Without much ceremony he announced himself as the far-famed violinist, and stated that so greatly had he been annoyed by his quondam friend Schubert in the south, and by the excessive attentions of the southerners, which left him no time to call his own, that he had precipitately retreated from the pressure of their kindness and had hastened back to the north; he had just arrived in Boston, and purposed to give a concert in a night or two. Need it be said that the mutton-eating party, although a select one, was rejoined in the notion of such an accession thereto, and he was invited to partake with them in the delicacy they had met to discuss. His modesty was prevailed upon, and at their earnest solicitation he joined the dinner party. He there shewed that whatever might be his merits as a fiddler, he was a trencherman of the highest grade, and slice after slice of the mutton attested both his taste and his appetite. In the course of the dinner performances he was prevailed upon to try the wines of the house, and he graciously condescended to make copious imbibations of all the best, which he pronounced

"*impayable*." After dinner he intimated great willingness to oblige the company with a touch of his quality on the violin, but regretted that he "had not wis him his fiddel," yet if any one could procure the loan of one for him he would readily oblige them. This could not be done, however, and the "distinguished stranger" then pulled out of the inside pocket of his vest a large roll of notes, being desirous to pay for his entertainment, but—oh, no!—the company could not think of that, and the *worthy* departed. Next day it was ascertained that the affair was a hoax; that the so-called *M. Ole Bull*, had played similar small games upon others of the Boston gentry, among whom was a highly respectable gentleman who had actually invited a party of friends to see and hear the great violinist. The adventurer disappeared, and it is not said that any one suffers from the deception; it is therefore not improbable that it is a clever but decidedly blamable practical joke or hoax. Some of the knowing ones who frequent "The Shades" smile mysteriously when the thing is alluded to; the voracity of the man of bank notes and fiddle notes furnishes matter of condolence on the rapid disappearance of the twenty pound leg, and the thing is generally wound up with the grave enquiry of "But who did get that Mutton?"

So much for the style of *Joke* in Boston just now; but they can do matters in earnest, of a nature that redounds to their honour as philanthropists, and to their feelings as benefactors. Witness the following paragraph, which relates to an act of generosity wisely and well performed.

BOSTON MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—It is a grateful duty to record acts of munificence the objects of which are to increase general information, to form habits of useful enquiry, and to offer to young men instruction and entertainment at the same time. Ten of the most distinguished merchants in Boston have set a noble example of such munificence, in the gift of one hundred dollars each to the Boston Mercantile Library Association, for the furtherance of the valuable objects of that institution; whilst these gentlemen cannot fail of obtaining the approbation of their own hearts in thus giving public countenance and encouragement to valuable public undertakings of such a description, they are likewise aware that they are indirectly doing an undying service to their country, in training up the minds of young men who in their turn may at some future day find it incumbent upon them to "go and do likewise," and thus the heaven-forged chain of utility is perpetuated through successive generations. The names of these public benefactors are Messrs. Abbot Lawrence, William Lawrence, Amos Lawrence, Nathan Appleton, William Sturgis, William Appleton, Robert G. Shaw, John P. Cushing, John Bryant, and David Sears.

[Remainder of our Correspondent's letter next week.]

Music and Musical Intelligence.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The third concert of this excellent musical association was given on Saturday evening last, at the Apollo Rooms, and although the weather was exceedingly stormy, the concert room was, as usual, filled to repletion. The *Sinfonia* by *Spohr* was played in capital style, and the Duet for the flute and clarinet which followed it, was executed by Messrs. Kyle and Groenveldt in so masterly a manner that it was loudly encored. This completed the first part. The second consisted of the overture to "*Semiramide*," by *Rossini*, and the overture to "*Emyanthe*," by *Weber*, both of which were scrambled through in rather a careless manner; the wind instruments were bad. Between these overtures a concerto of *Hummel* was performed in most splendid style by Mr. Timm. There was not any singing, nor indeed was it needed; and we should not be surprised if, in the future concerts of this society, vocalism be deemed unnecessary. Mr. Loder conducted this concert most ably and steadily.

MADAME HEILBERG'S CONCERT.—A new and fair candidate for vocal honours presents herself before the musical critics of this city. *Madame Heilberg* is said to have more than usual claims to attention; she is reported to possess a compass more extensive than *Castellan*, her upper notes being of a clear and full soprano, and the lower of a deep, round, rich contralto. She has received an excellent musical education, but has never yet been regularly before a public audience. Her compass is said to be full three octaves without any difficulty whatever of enunciation. In addition to her own performances, she will be assisted by *Mrs. Ed. Loder*, and by our cherished favourite *Sig. De Begnis*, in the vocal department; and by *Mr. Wallace* (violin), and *Mr. Barton* (flute), in the instrumental. The whole will be under the able conductorship of *Mr. Timm*. We invite attention to the advertisement of this concert in our advertising columns. It will take place on Thursday evening next, at Washington Hall.

LA PIANISTE MODERNE.—By *F. Mendelsohn Bartholdy*.—Boston: O. Ditson.—The seven compositions in this admirable publication, are called "The Temperaments;" the first being "With tenderness," the second "With impetuosity," the third "With energy," the fourth "With velocity." These are all that are included in the number before us, the remaining three we presume will speedily follow in another number. The style of the music is in admirable keeping with the "temperament" of each, and is just such as the idiosyncracies of a Mendelsohn would lead us to expect; worthy also of the hand from which they have fallen.

THE LONELY AULD WIFE.—Words by *Julien Greinar*; Music by *W. R. Dempster*.—Boston: O. Ditson.—One of the sweet little Melodies for which the composer is remarkable, and the poetry adapted to a pathetic superstition in Scotland. It is ornamented with a tasteful vignette title page, and is altogether neatly got up.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' LAMENT.—Words by *BURNS*; Music by *H. Brinley Richards*.—Boston: O. Ditson.—The composer seems to have lost sight of

the spirit of the poetry. It is supposed to be sung by *Mary* herself, yet it is set at a pitch almost too low for a contralto singer. But for this, the melody would do very well, and we advise purchasers (ladies of course) to transpose according to the capabilities of their vocal powers.

Opera.—Palmo's Theatre.

That which has been the plague and shame of the musical—and particularly of the vocal—profession, continues to be so as much as ever, and what is still worse there is no symptom of amendment therein; we mean the habit of quarrelling, overreaching, factionary intriguing, indulgence in jealous and ungenerous feeling, and moral discords of the most violent descriptions,—and all this by professors of harmony, by the organs of melody and sweet sounds, by those whose business it should be to allay every bitterness of sentiment, to soften every acerbity, to create feelings of love and good-will through the medium of the art in which they aspire to be distinguished. With regard to the Italian Opera at *Palmo's* these squabbles and intrigues have gone very far to ruin an enterprise which required the most careful nourishment to bring it to maturity and permanency, a line of conduct to be greatly deplored under any circumstances, but more especially on the part of a little clique that actually have not any valid pretensions to give themselves the airs they have assumed. The jealousies both felt and expressed against *Borghese* with respect to her capability to fulfil the rôle of *prima donna* are perfectly ridiculous. Surely no dispassionate person, being a judge in the case, would institute a comparison between her and *Majocchi*. The latter is a rich contralto, but very uncertain as to truth of tone, and as for impassioned singing, beauty of action, compass of voice, and general stage effect, she must not for a moment be placed in competition with *Borghese*. *Vattellina* himself—the primo basso cantante—is in fact not a basso, but a rich enough barytone, and his impetuosity of temper when his vanity is wounded, has disqualified him from enjoying the confidence of impartial hearers. *Antognini*—but why talk of him? His name has been paraded on the bills, but he has never come forward to his duties; now this looks like a deception. However he was given out for a character in the "*Beatrice di Tenda*" on Monday evening, but—again a falling short—he was still too ill (!) Our opinion is that *Perozzi* could and would have endeavoured to sing the part rather than disappoint the public; but *Antognini*, we hear, had too much at stake to permit that. On the day we write this (Wednesday) the latter is again announced, but we have really too little confidence in the fulfilment thereof to risk wasting our time in attendance.

It is said that this week will see the close of the present engagement. We are glad to hear it. There has been enough of that quality. It is also rumoured that *Sig. De Begnis* is to have the management in future; we shall indeed be heartily glad should that be true, for there is not an artist living, in the vocal profession, who is more competent—in fact who is so competent—to so responsible a duty. Long at the head of his profession, intimate with every great composer and singer of his day, familiar with the difficulties of management, and firm enough to enforce due authority, if he cannot sustain opera and please the public taste we know not one who can. All this report, however, is yet but *on dit*, and we must wait patiently for the *pro* or *con*; though fervently hoping that the reported judicious change will take place. We wish this, firstly, for the sake of Music itself, and the cultivation of good taste therein, and secondly, for the sake of *Mr. Palmo*, who, we fear, has not come very well off, notwithstanding the complimentary benefit.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The performances this week have been of a melodramatic nature consisting of "*The Pride of Birth*," and "*The Flying Dutchman*," the latter being an adaptation of *Capt. Marryat's* story, of that name. A considerably augmented interest is about to ensue here, however, consequent on the arrival of the *Seguins*, and *Shrival*, the vocalists. We may hope to hear again "*The Departure of the Israelites*," a composition that will well bear frequent repetition, and the beauties of which are continually more and more elicited the oftener it is performed.

THE BOWERY THEATRE and THE OLYMPIC THEATRE continue to be well filled every night, but we have not anything specially to report concerning them.

Literary Notices.

THE BANKING HOUSE.—A *History of Three Parts*.—New York: Winchester.—A moral tale, in which are powerfully depicted many of the most forcible workings of human nature. This edition forms No. II of "the New World Library of Fiction."

THE ADVENTURES OF HERCULES HARDY; OR GUIANA IN 1772.—By *Eugene Sue*.—New York: Winchester.—The Frenchman, *Sue*, seems to be really exhaustless. He looks on human nature in its every phase, as well as in every geographical and local position; he describes forcibly, he moves the feelings, he calls forth the judgment, he incites to reflection. On land or on shipboard he is equally felicitous in his descriptions, and we think we may aver of him that his object is to be of service in the moral world. This work has been translated from the French by *Thomas Pooley*, well known for his dramatic writings.

LES MYSTERES DE PARIS.—By *Eugene Sue*.—New York: Winchester.—The great popularity which this book has attained, has induced the publisher to put forth an edition in the original language of the author. This is done in a neat 8vo. volume, and it will doubtless be found highly acceptable, both to French readers, and to all who cultivate the French tongue.

AGENTS FOR THE ANGLO AMERICAN.
John Balfour, British Colonist office, Toronto

MADAME DE STAHL.—The memoirs of this lady are not as much read as they deserve to be—they are amusing, even in comparison with other French lady-memoirs. She had been Mademoiselle de Launay, and lived in the service of the Duchess of Maine, who was married to a natural son (or grandson, I forget which) of Louis XIV. Her history was a strange one, and she has made it interesting by her sprightliness and vivacity, though she has not been able to deprive it of much *quod tollere velles*, even in spite of her endeavours to castigate it. I believe it was this ardent lady who, on being asked how she could represent herself truly and yet be readable, replied, "Oh, I have only given a *bust of myself!*"

She mentions a whimsical mode of building in Normandy, in which province many of the ancient *chateaux* are built in the shape of the first letter of their name. Thus Roieux, M. de la Ferté's house, is built in the shape of a Gothic R.

Her *naiveté* sometimes displays itself amusingly. In describing a season of misfortune, she says—"I now had some hopes of dying, but I was disappointed: *one never dies at the right time.*"

PARK THEATRE.

MONDAY, March 25—Will be performed "Such Things Are"—"Bamboozling," and "The Innkeeper's Daughter."
Mr. BOOTH will appear during the week in a short engagement.

FOR SALE.—Palmo's (late) Concert and Coffee-rooms, comprising the Stage fixtures, bar, stock and good will, corner of Chambers-street and Broadway, in consequence of the Proprietor leaving for England. Apply at 104 Chambers-street between 4 and 6 P.M. Mar. 23-1f.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT AT WASHINGTON HALL.

MADAME HEILBERG, from Sweden, respectfully informs the public of New York, that she will make her first appearance in America, at a Concert to be given by her on Thursday Evening, 25th inst., at Washington Hall, for which occasion she has secured the valuable assistance of Mrs. EDWARD LODER; Signor DE BEGNIS, who will appear, for the first time this season, at this Concert; Mr. WALLACE, who will play for the first time, the celebrated *Carnival of Venice*, as performed by Paganini, Ole Bull and Vieux Temps; Mr. BARTON will play two Solo's on the Flute; Mr. TIMMS, the celebrated Conductor, and a Quartette Band.

Tickets \$1 each.—To be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. The Concert will commence at 8 o'clock. Mar. 23-1f.

D. R. SANDERS, formerly Surgeon in the British Army, of London, &c., encouraged by the solicitations of his former Patients in New York, has resumed the practice of his profession; and may be consulted, or will promptly wait upon the invalid at their residence. Advice to the Poor, Gratis. HENRY L. SANDERS, M.D., F.R.C.S., London, Surgeon, Accoucheur, &c.

Law Offices, 143 Leonard-st., cor. Centre-st., N.Y.
N.B.—The "Doctor's Office" is up stairs—entrance in Leonard-street. No connection with the Drug Store corner of same building. Mar. 23-1m.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

THE Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave New York, from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon, at 5 o'clock.

Railroad cars leave for Boston immediately on the arrival of the Worcester, at Norwich, whence passengers are forwarded without change of cars or baggage.

For further information enquire at the office on the wharf, or to
D. B. ALLEN, 39 Peck-slip, up stairs.
N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above boat or owners. Mar. 16-1f.

COMPLETION OF THE ATLAS

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.
A GEOLOGICAL MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES, being No. 105, and Title Pages and Tables of Contents, being No. 106, completing the Atlas of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, have been received by the subscriber. Any separate number of this Atlas can be procured, but as impressions of the plates subsequent to the present cannot be so good as those now in publication, parties who are particular are advised to make early application for numbers to complete their sets. THE ATLAS complete, with the six Maps of the World and six Maps of the Stars, price \$50, may be procured from the Advertiser or of any Bookseller.

The following may likewise be had of the Subscriber, viz.:—
Black's General Atlas, new edition, comprehending sixty-one folio Maps, from the latest and most authentic sources, with geographical descriptions, and an index of nearly sixty thousand names; in one handsome folio volume.

Do do in numbers.
Wyld's New General Atlas of the World, containing separate Maps of its various countries and states; with the British and Foreign Railways, handsomely bound in morocco, 1 folio volume.

Teesdale's Chart of the World, on Mercator's Projection, 7 feet by 4½ feet.
Cruchley's General Atlas, for schools and private tuition; folio.
A Complete Atlas of England and North and South Wales, revised and corrected to the year 1843; 4to. embossed. EDMUND BALDWIN, 153 Broadway. [Mar. 9-3f.]

TAMMANY HALL, (RE-OPENED.)

Corner of Nassau and Frankfort-streets, fronting the Park and City Hall, N.Y.

THE PROPRIETOR of this well known establishment having recently at great expense enlarged, refitted, and newly furnished it in a style that will bear comparison with any Public House in the Union, is now ready to accommodate travellers and others who may visit the city. The Lodging Rooms are large and airy, and fitted with the best of beds and furniture; the Refectory, in the basement, is arranged in a style chaste and neat, where refreshments are furnished at any hour from 6 A.M. to 12 P.M. On the first floor, fronting the Park, is a Sitting Room for boarders; adjoining is a retired Reading Room, which, together with the general conveniences of the House, make it a very desirable stopping place for the man of business or leisure—it being in the vicinity of all the Places of Amusement, and but a short distance from the business portion of the city. The charge for Lodgings has been reduced as well as the rate of refreshments. The attendance is of the first order. While the Proprietor returns thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on this House by a generous public, he hopes by unremitting exertions, strict attention to business, and the wants of his customers to merit a continuation of the same. Mar. 16-1f.

A NEW INVENTION.

G. W. has invented a Machine to preserve the door of a building from being penetrated either by the Robber. It answers the purpose of Locks and Bolts, but is far superior to either, or to any invention ever before produced by human ingenuity. There is not a lock made by human hands that it is utterly impossible for human hands to pick, but this invention is. It has no locks, no keys, nor any thing of the kind; and a person standing outside the door of his house, even when no individual is inside, can by means of it fasten the door to, and open at any hour he chooses; but not until the expiration of that time can he enter the house himself. He must wait till the hour which was proposed when fastened shall arrive, and the door will open to him, or if some one inside had opened it to him. Nor can any person, standing by while the door is closed, be about to be made fast, discover how it is done; he can see no locks, bolts, or lock holes, nor any thing of which the invention is composed; all is entirely hidden from his sight, and with undoubted power to exceed any invention ever before offered for such a purpose. Any person desirous to purchase the same for the security of a Bank, Cottage, Warehouse, Store, or any out door buildings, can do so by applying to the Advertiser, G. W., by note, at the "Anglo American Office," New York. Mar. 16-3f.

BOUQUETS.—W. RUSSELL, Florist, &c., Henry-st., near the South Ferry, Brooklyn respectfully informs his friends and the Public, that he can supply them with Bouquets, Cut Flowers, &c., of the best qualities, and at the lowest prices of the Season.—Orders left at the Garden, or at Mr. W. Jackson's Bookstore, 177 Broadway, N.Y., will be punctually attended to. Early notice will particularly oblige W. R. Dec. 16,

WELLMAN, WEBSTER AND NORTON, COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS, No. 75 Camp-street, New Orleans.

L. J. Wellman, A. L. Norton, H. B. Wellman.
Reference—G. Merle, Esq., Wilson & Brown, and Lee Dater & Miller, N. Y. Aug. 26-1f.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

EMBELLISHED WITH UPWARDS OF 30 ENGRAVINGS IN EACH NUMBER.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Established May 14, 1842—a Pictured Family Newspaper, containing Essays on Public Affairs, Literature, Fine Arts, The Drama, Sporting Intelligence, Science, and a record of all the events of the week at home, abroad, or in the Colonies; the whole illustrated in a high style of art by engravers of the first eminence, printed in a form convenient for binding, and comprising 16 PAGES and 48 COLUMNS OF LETTER PRESS, in a typography consistent with the beauty and neatness of the Embellishments.

The Proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS have no longer to usher before the world a mere prospectus of a purpose and design. The project which they at first conceived in a spirit of sanguine ambition, has within a comparatively short period, been crowned with the most gratifying and unprecedented success. With the rapidity of tropical vegetation, their seed has grown to fruit, and the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is now the only FAMILY NEWSPAPER, properly so characterized, which, exceeding all its contemporaries in the amount of public patronage allotted to it, can claim a

CIRCULATION OF 50,000 COPIES.

and proudly takes rank as the first of all the weekly journals of the empire. The fact is a source of mingled gratitude and pride—of pride, because no expedients of imposition—no mean subterfuges have been resorted to, but a stand has been made upon the simple merits of a system which its proprietors have only now to study to improve into as much perfection as a newspaper can attain. To the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the community are indebted for the first combination of all the varieties of public intelligence, with the fertile and exhaustless resources of the fine arts—the development of a new and beautiful means of extending and confirming the interests of society over all the topics within the circle of its life and action—the giving brighter presence and more vivid and palpable character and reality to every salient point and feature in the great panorama of public life.

And in the cementing of this new and happy union, the Editor of this newspaper has sought no adventitious aids to attain his purpose of success. He has not pandered to the prejudices of the high, nor the passions of the lower orders of society,—he has avowed the countenance of no party in the state or among the people, but taking the high ground of neutrality, has contented himself with the advocacy of justice, morality and truth—to raise the standard of public virtue—to palliate the distresses of the poor—to aid the benevolence of the rich—to give a healthy moral tone to the working of our social system—to uphold the great principles of humanity—to promote science—encourage belles lettres and beaux arts—foster genius and help the oppressed—in a word, to enlist all the nobler influences which impel the progress of civilization and tend to dignify the character alike of nations as of men. This should be the enlarged purpose of the honest public journalist, and to take its humble part in the promotion of such purpose is the cherished and avowed ambition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

To achieve this, the proprietors have not scrupled to enlist the first available talent, both in literature and art, and the consequence has been a declaration of public opinion in their favor and the recorded encouragement and welcome of the whole provincial press.

When this beautiful work is considered in all its details—the talent and skill of the artists—the elaborate execution of the engraver, notwithstanding the rapidity with which many of the engravings have been done—the varied talent displayed in the editorial department—the beauty of its printing—the quality of its paper, and, unlike all other newspapers, is well worthy of preservation, forming as it does a splendid volume every half year, and a work of art never surpassed,—besides various other items which could be enumerated, it must be acknowledged, that in these days of cheap literature, it is beyond comparison the greatest wonder that ever issued from the press.

The great success of the Illustrated London News renders it necessary that the public should be on their guard that inferior publications are not substituted for this paper. The "Illustrated London News" is published every Saturday, and may be had, if ordered, of
W. F. BROUGH, 304 Broadway.
Feb. 17-1f.

N.B.—Also all the back numbers.

"The Blood is the Life of the Flesh."—HOLY WRIT.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.

THAT the blood is the life of the body, I presume is undisputed, therefore I shall say that it being the SEAT OF LIFE, it must also be the seat of disease. If disease be in the blood, we should abstract the disease only, not the blood itself. It is the impurities which must be removed by Brandreth's Pills to secure our health, in all states of the weather, in all situations, and in all climates. The blood, like a good spirit, is always trying to benefit the body by its struggles to expel impurities. But it is not capable to effect its own purification at all times; to do this it must often have assistance. When the blood is loaded with impurities, especially in this climate, the consequence may be fatal, provided the blood is not purified at once, and this is sure to be effected if Brandreth's Pills are used.

No time must be lost by the use of foolish remedies, such as bleeding or mercury, for they both only put off the evil day to make it more fatal. Even in inflammatory diseases bleeding never ought to be resorted to, for in nine cases out of ten it will take away the power of nature to effect the cure, even when aided by Brandreth's Pills. They can take out the impurities from the blood, but alas! they cannot put new blood into the body immediately, this requires time, but they can REGENERATE OLD BLOOD, but the old blood must be there. It is at all times easier to eradicate mercury from the system and restore the mercurialized being to full health, than it is to effect the restoration of the man who has repeatedly been bled. Bleeding and the effects of opium are the greatest antagonists the Brandreth's Pills have to contend against. Let us therefore be wise, and when sickness assails us, abstract the disease OUT OF THE BLOOD, not the blood out of the body, which bleeding does.

Now, Brandreth's Pills not only purify the blood, but they lessen the quantity, at the same time they make the quality better. They only take the worn out parts from the blood, those which, if retained, would be a source of disease. The good effects which are derived from Brandreth's Pills have to be felt to be believed. The seeds of decay can be constantly eradicated by their use, and the PRINCIPLE OF LIFE—THE BLOOD—strengthened. Thus protracting vigor of body and mind to a period when we have been accustomed to see the faltering step and the enfeebled intellect.

Let no one suppose that the Brandreth's Pills are not always the same. They are. They can never be otherwise. The principles upon which they are made are so unerring, that a million pounds could be made per day without the most remote possibility of a mistake occurring. Get the genuine, that is all, and the medicine will give you full satisfaction.

When the Blood is in an unsound condition, it is as ready for infection, as land ploughed and harrowed is to receive the allotted grain. Those who are wise, will therefore commence the purification of their blood without delay; and those who are already attacked with sickness should do the same.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will ensure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life, they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this, it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies through their confinement. Dr. Brandreth can refer to many of our first physicians who recommend his Pills to their patients, to the exclusion of all other purgatives, and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humors of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by Brandreth's Pills, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicines ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking cold.

ALL GENUINE BRANDRETH PILLS have six signatures of Doctor Brandreth on each box. Two on each label. Be careful of counterfeits.

Sold at 25 cents per box, at Dr. Brandreth's principal office, 241 Broadway, and also at his retail offices 376 Bowery, and 189½ Hudson-st.; and by Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-street, Brooklyn; Lyman & Co., Montreal; Rigney & Co., Toronto. Mar. 16-4m.

TO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE.—Mr. Barton, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson,) respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the Flute. Mr. Barton professes to teach according to the method purified by the celebrated master, Charles Nicholson.

For terms and particulars application may be made at Signor Godone, Music Store, Broadway, and Mr. Stoddart's Pianoforte manufactory. Jan. 20-1f.

CLASS TEACHING.—Mr. BARTON (at the request of several Amateurs of the Flute) has opened two classes, of five pupils in each class. There will be a junior class for beginners, and another for those who have made some progress on the instrument. The list for names will be found at Messrs. Firth & Hall's, Messrs. Atwill's, Hewitt's, Millett's, Chambers & Godone's music stores. Terms moderate. Feb. 17-1m.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman-streets,) New York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably. May 27-3m.

SCOTCH ALE; BROWN STOUT; BRANDY; WHISKEY, &c.

Scotch Ale.—Edinboro', Leith, and Alloa, pts. and qts. ripe and creamy.
 Brown Stout.—Dublin and London
 Brandy.—Otdard and Hennessy, Old Dark and Pale, in wood and Bottles.
 Whiskey.—Glenlivet and Islay "real peat reek"
 Rum.—Jamaica Rum, North side, very superior
 Gin.—Old Hollands,
 Wines.—Champagne, Sparkling Hock, Madeira, Sherry, Port, Claret, &c., all of first brands and quality. 100 cases 3 dozen each Old Lisbon White Wine.
 * For sale on reasonable terms and in lots to suit purchasers by
 ROBERT HOPE HART, 11 Nassau-st., cor. Pine.
 Mar. 9-3m.

Storage suitable for Scotch Ale, Wines, &c.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obsolete Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubbish Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Indolent Use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

The following certificate is from a gentleman who lost the whole of his nose from a severe Scrofulous disease. It speaks for itself.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 25, 1842.

Messrs. SANDS:—Gent.—Although I am disfigured and deformed for life, I have not lost my recollection: and never, while I exist, shall I cease to feel grateful for benefits conferred, through the use of your invaluable Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1828 with a scrofulous affection on the end of my nose, commencing with a small red spot, attended with itching and burning sensations. This induced rubbing, and now commenced the ravages of a disease which progressed as follows: the left nostril was first destroyed, and, continuing upwards, it crossed the bridge of the nose, and, seizing upon the right side, destroyed the cartilage, bone and all the surrounding parts, until, finally, the nose was entirely eaten off; the passage for conveying tears from the eye to the nose obliterated, which caused a continual flow of tears. The disease now seized upon the upper lip, extending to the right cheek, and my feelings and sufferings were such as can better be imagined than described. I am a native of Nottingham, in England, and my case is well known there. The first Physicians in the Kingdom prescribed for me, but with little benefit. At one time I was directed to take 63 drops of the "Tincture of Iodine" three times a day, which I continued for six months in succession. At another time I applied Oil of Vitriol to the parts. After this used a prescription of Sir Astley Cooper's, but all proved in vain. I continued to grow worse, and as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I used every remedy I could hear of that was considered applicable to my case, until I became disgusted with the treatment, and relinquished all hope of ever getting well.

Many pronounced the disease a Cancer, but Dr. M—, under whose treatment I was considered it Scrofulous Lupus, and this is the name given it by medical men. As a last resort I was recommended to try change of air and an Atlantic voyage, and in April last I sailed for America, and arrived here in the month of May. The disease continued gradually to increase, extending upwards and backwards, having destroyed the entire nose, and fast verging towards the frontal bone, it seized upon the upper jaw and surrounding parts.

While crossing on the Ferry-boat from Brooklyn to New York, a gentleman was attracted by my appearance, and thus accosted me:—"My friend, have you used the Sarsaparilla?" Yes, replied I, various kinds, and every thing else I could hear of; but, said he, "I mean Sand's Sarsaparilla?" No, I replied. "Then use it, for I believe it will cure you." Being thus addressed by a stranger I was induced to make a trial of a medicine he so highly recommended.

I purchased one bottle, which gave some relief, and wonderful to tell, after using your Sarsaparilla less than two months, I feel within me well. The disease is stopped in its ravages, all those racking and tormenting pains are gone, my food relishes, my digestion is good, and I sleep well; and, under the blessing of Divine Providence, I attribute the result entirely to the use of Sand's Sarsaparilla. With desire that the afflicted may no longer delay, but use the right medicine and get cured.

I remain, with feelings of lasting gratitude,
 Your friend,

THOMAS LLOYD,
 Nutria Alley, Pearl-street.

STATE OF NEW-YORK. } On this 35th day of November, 1842, before me came Thos
 City of Brooklyn, ss. } Lloyd, and acknowledged the truth of the foregoing paper,
 and that he executed the same.

WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA IN NORWICH, CONN.

Read the following from Mrs. Wm. Phillips, who has long resided at the Falls. The facts are well known to all the old residents in that part of the city.

Messrs. A. B. SANDS & Co.—Sirs: Most gratefully do I embrace this opportunity for stating to you the great relief I obtained from the use of your Sarsaparilla. I shall also be happy, through you, to publish to all who are afflicted, as I lately was, the account of my unexpected, and even for a long while despaired of cure. Mine is a painful story, and trying and sickening as is the narrative of it, for the sake of many who may be securely relieved, I will briefly yet accurately state it.

Nineteen years ago last April a fit of sickness left me with an Erysipelas eruption. Dropsical collections immediately took place over the entire surface of my body, causing such an enlargement that it was necessary to add a half yard to the size of my dresses around the waist. Next followed, upon my limbs, ulcers, painful beyond description. For years, both in summer and winter, the only mitigation of my suffering was found in pouring upon those parts cold water. From my limbs the pain extended over my whole body. There was literally for me no rest, by day or by night. Upon lying down these pains would shoot through my system, and compel me to arise, and, for hours together, walk the house, so that I was almost entirely deprived of sleep. During this time the Erysipelas continued active, and the ulcers enlarged, and so deeply have these eaten, that for two and a half years they have been subject to bleeding. During these almost twenty years I have consulted many physicians. These have called my disease—as it was attended with an obstinate cough and a steady and active pain in my side—a dropsical consumption; and though they have been skilful practitioners, they were only able to afford me a partial and temporary relief. I had many other difficulties too complicated to describe. I have also used many of the medicines that have been recommended as infallible cures for this disease, yet these all failed, and I was most emphatically growing worse. In this critical condition, given up by friends and expecting for myself, relief only in death, I was by the timely interposition of a kind Providence, furnished with your, to me, invaluable Sarsaparilla. A single bottle gave me an assurance of health, which for twenty years I had not once felt. Upon taking the second my enlargement diminished, and in twelve days from the 8th of October, when I commenced taking your Sarsaparilla, I was able to enjoy sleep and rest, by night, as refreshing as any I ever enjoyed when in perfect health. Besides, I was, in this short time, relieved from all those excruciating and unalleviated pains that had afflicted my days, as well as robbed me of my night's repose. The ulcers upon my limbs are healed, the Erysipelas cured, and my size reduced nearly to my former measure.

Thus much do I feel it a privilege to testify to the efficacy of your health restoring Sarsaparilla. A thousand thanks, sirs, from one whose comfort and whose hope of future health are due, under God, to your instrumentality. And may the same Providence that directed me to your aid, make you the happy and honored instruments of blessing others, as diseased and despairing as your much relieved and very grateful friend,

ASENATH M. PHILLIPS.

NEW LONDON, Co., ss.

Personally appeared, the above-named Asenath M. Phillips, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement before me.

RUFUS W. MATHEWSON,

Justice of the Peace.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDS,

Minister of the Gospel at Norwich, Conn.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, and Alexander Beggs, Quebec, Canada. Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.
 The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.
 Mar. 9-6m.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.—To those of sedentary habits, and whose employment is necessarily more of a mental than of a physical nature, good health although seldom possessed by them is nevertheless an almost indispensable requisite. Some constitutions and dispositions require an active use of the muscles of life body; deny them this, and nature resents the offence by sinking into melancholy and repining—mental vigor and elasticity droops and decays—hope dies, and frequently a premature and rash death is chosen rather than life. Students, Teachers, Clergymen, and others, whose care and most anxious thought is constantly being called forth, can hope for but little pleasure in their high and important undertakings, unless seconded by a proper buoyancy of spirit and vigor of mind. To secure this, then, becomes the first consideration of every individual, and the fine balsamic preparation, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, of all medicines, is without dispute the best calculated to produce a fine flow of animal spirits, a clear head, and a ready perception.

Sold retail in boxes, 25 and 50 cents each, by all the most respectable druggists in the city of New York, and wholesale of Thomas Roberts & Co., No. 304 Broadway, 2d Floor. Agents for all the Canadas, Alfred Savage & Co., druggists, Montreal. Feb. 10-3m.

PRIVATE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, under the direction of Mrs. HENRY WREATHS, No. 133 Bleecker Street, near Leroy Place, N. Y. REFERENCES.—Rev. Dr. Lyell, Rev. L. P. W. Balch, Josiah Archibald, Esq., Edward Whitehouse, Esq., Edward F. Sanderson, Esq., Ven. Archdeacon Cummins, (Island of Trinidad), Hon. W. H. Burnley, (Island of Trinidad), Anthony Barclay, Esq., (British Consul), Joseph Blain, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Esq., Arent S. Depeyster, Esq., H. Feugnet, Esq., Alex. Von Pfister, Esq., Dr. Wetherill, (Philadelphia), Joseph Lawton, Esq., (Charleston), Capt. W. Saiter, U.S.N., Dr. Beales, Dr. T. O. Porter, Dr. Bartlett, Ramsay Crooks, Esq., Wm. Muir, Esq., (British Consul, New Orleans), Robert Stark, Esq., (New Orleans.) Aug. 19-1f.

THIRD EDITION.—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN BURNS AND CLARINDA.

A Third Edition is just issued of this curious and interesting correspondence between the Poet Burns and his celebrated "LADY LOVE" Clarinda, 1 vol. 12mo., cloth, gilt.

R. P. BIXBY & Co., No. 3 Park Row, opposite Astor House.

[Extracts from Literary Notices of the above work.]

This work contains the Correspondence between Robert Burns and Mrs. M'Lehose (Clarinda), edited by her grandson. Many of the letters of Burns to Mrs. M'Lehose have been published before, but Mrs. M'Lehose would never allow hers during her lifetime, to see the light, and the ENTIRE CORRESPONDENCE is here, for the FIRST TIME, put together side by side. Every reader of Burns' life will remember the frequent allusions to the Correspondence between Sylvander and Clarinda, the romantic names these lovers chose to adopt.—Tribune.

This is indeed one of the "CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE," and may well be said to supply a new chapter in Scotland's immortal Poet. "No collection of the works of Burns will be complete without this volume; and it behooves every admirer of the Author of The Cotter's Saturday Night, to provide himself with a copy."—Cheltenham Journal.

N. B.—A fine Edition of HART'S Atlas for sale. Feb. 24-1m.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of the TRADE to his Stock of the above well known and highly esteemed Pens, consisting in part of the following:—

The "Principality Pen," No. 1, extra fine points.
 Do do 2, fine do
 Do do 3, medium do

The design of this Pen is to give a beautiful degree of elasticity, at the same time it possesses sufficient strength to render it durable; by varying the fitness of the points, it is hoped the different styles of hand writing may be suited.

Joseph GilloTT's Calligraphic Pen, No. 2—a first quality article, on cards. Each package of a groce, contains six highly finished vignettes, as follows:—

Abbotsford, Stratford-upon-Avon,
 Newcastle Abbey, Kenilworth Castle,
 The Pavilion, Brighton, The Custom House, and St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

No. 9 and 10—The WASHINGTON PEN, very superior for its elasticity and delicacy of point; observe, this article is ornamented with an embossed head of Washington.

The quality of the above is equal to any ever offered in the U. States, and they are put up in a style of

UNSURPASSED ELEGANCE.

Also, on hand, a complete stock of old favorite Pens, viz:—

Patent, Magnum Bonum,
 Victoria, Damascus,
 Eagle, New York Fountain,
 Peruvian,

on cards and in boxes.

The public will best guard against the imposition of counterfeits by observing on each genuine Pen, the maker's name is stamped in full "Joseph GilloTT" and on every package a fac simile of his signature. For sale by stationers, and wholesale, by HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-street, corner of Gold.

A few prime Quarto Copying Presses, "GilloTT's," also for sale. Nov. 4-1y.

McGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N. Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, JAMES MCGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "McGREGOR HOUSE" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

Utica, Nov. 1, 1843.

JAMES MCGREGOR.

[Mar. 9-1f.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barlow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
 C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-alp, N. Y.,
 and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.

Feb. 3.